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SUMMER SIRENS

FEET OF CLAY

Or, THE WHITE CLIFFS DEAL

By George Ethelbert Walsh

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CHAPTER I.

IT WAS such a phenomenal occurrence for the Through Limited to stop at White Cliffs to take on or let off passengers that when it came to a rumbling halt and Elton Harrowby stepped from the last car, a dozen pairs of curious eyes stared at him from different points of vantage on the station platform.

Alf Layton, the veteran ticket agent, baggage smasher and telegraph operator for fifteen years, could recall only two instances when the Limited had deigned to take any notice of the existence of White Cliffs on the map. The first time it had been stalled by a twenty-foot snowdrift, the second, a broken coupling bar had caused a fifteen minutes' delay.

So it may be surmised that Elton Harrowby's visit occasioned no small amount of comment.

"Who d'you s'pose he is?" queried Ed Griffith, squinting hard with a pair of eyes that crossed and made an uncertain focus somewhere in the distance.

Alf Layton, master of ceremonies by virtue of his official position in the railroad company's employ, waved his hand as he replied: "Some big gun, you bet! I wonder what he's come to see about!" There was a trifle of uneasiness in his voice, which was not lessened by Bud Griswold's interrupting query:

"'Tain't the new president of the road, Alf, is it?"

Layton had a spasm of something besides curiosity. He had suspected that the stranger might be a big railroad official, and a quick mental survey of the condition of his office had caused him an unpleasant jolt; but the president—the new president of the big trunk line—that was something to make him gasp with emotion!

"I believe 'tis, Bud," he squeaked. "I ain't never seen him, but he looks like his pictures in the paper."

"Gee!" exclaimed Bud.

And all within the radius of Layton's voice lapsed into gaping, wondering silence!

At the other end of the station platform, where he had dismounted from the train somewhat more unceremoniously than was his custom, Harrowby was passing through a little mental perturbation of his own that had nothing to do with the group of natives staring at him across the way.

He was perhaps as much surprised at getting off at White Cliffs as the natives. Until a few minutes before he had no intention of leaving the Limited until he reached his journey's end, which was not White Cliffs; but a fussy little official in blue uniform and gold braid—one of those autocratic conductors who make up in spirit what they seem to lack in avoirdupois and cubical contents—had shown less reason, or a shrewder insight into human nature, than usual.

Harrowby had beaten his way successfully through many a tighter fix, and it was the fact that he had failed on this occasion that gave him a severe jolt. It was a mental rather than a physical discomfit that caused him to frown savagely at the departing train and feel a distinct inclination to shake his fist at the conductor and hurl good old English anathemas after him.

But Harrowby was a gentleman by instinct and breeding, though life had cast him in environments where all whom he met could not be truthfully termed gentlemen. Such a little thing as a bit of pasteboard—or rather the absence of it—had caused all of his troubles, and had brought surprise and wonder into the benighted lives of the natives of White Cliffs.

Harrowby had argued, but the conductor was fussy and irritated. The argument had reached the heated point where sparks are supposed to fly; then the final ultimatum had been delivered.

"Pay your fare or get off."

Harrowby had no intention of doing either; he foolishly underestimated the courage of the train officials. Not in so many words, but with a smile that had a challenge in it, he had dared the conductor to put him off, confident that a fear of roughly handling well-dressed prosperous-looking passengers lurked somewhere in the anatomy of even this fussy, self-important little autocrat.

But he had barked up the wrong tree, as he soon discovered, for the bell-cord had been viciously jerked, and the heavy Limited with its Pullmans and sleepers came to a halting stop directly in front of White Cliffs station.

And Harrowby had been put off the train—not roughly or with an extreme exercise of physical force, but ignominiously and insultingly. At the last moment he had tripped and just saved himself from plunging head first to the cinder bed by a dexterous leap to the platform. The moment he was there he regretted that automatic effort to save himself from a bad fall. If he had allowed himself to stumble, he might have had the basis of a suit for heavy damages against the company.

When he turned his eyes from the last car of the departing train, he met for the first time the battery of eyes trained on him from the station platform. A little flush of annoyance swept across his face. Had these yokels, these curious-eyed natives, witnessed his discomfiture?

The thought of others enjoying his downfall—a literal as well as a figurative downfall—annoyed him considerably, but he did not show it in the least by his manners or looks. Calmly dusting the soot and dirt from his clothes, and adjusting his necktie, which had been twisted askew by the struggle with the trainmen, he finally took a survey of his surroundings with the air of one who was mildly interested in the scenery; but all the while out of the tail of his eye he was watching the group ahead.

Elton Harrowby was an immaculate dresser; it was a part of his asset as a gentleman, and also a necessity for one of his breeding. An empty, craving stomach he could endure, but not poorly fitting or seedy clothes. He would blow his last cent on the latest necktie or a new hat, and then starve in peace until the next stroke of good luck came his way.

Clothes were to him what they must have been to Carlyle's old German professor in Sartor Resartus. Without a decent suit to his name, he might have been a totally different person. He possessed that distinctive virtue, too, found so rarely even in those who like to be classified as good dressers, of wearing them so well that people turned to admire and nod approvingly.

As he walked down the platform toward the group of natives, his was an imposing figure, strikingly tall, broad-shouldered and athletic, with an affable smile on his lips and a kindly twinkle in his blue eyes. He might easily pass in that community as the distinguished president of the transcontinental railroad or as a foreign potentate, for that matter, traveling incog, with the ineffaceable marks of high breeding all over him.

He singled Alf Layton out of the group, probably because his suit betrayed his connection with the railroad, and he wished to know the worst at the beginning.

"Those Pullman steps are altogether too high," he said. "I nearly tripped and fell. I'll make a note of that when I meet President Sinclair again."

He watched the circle of faces closely to see the effect of his remark. If they had witnessed his ignominious departure from the train, they would greet his words with at least a derisive grin. The grin—not the shadow of one—failed to materialize, and Harrowby drew an unconscious sigh of relief.

Layton gulped twice so that his Adam's apple played up and down his long neck spasmodically. "You ain't President—President Sinclair—then?" he stammered, much relieved in mind.

"President Sinclair?" Harrowby's voice was slightly interrogative. In a flash he grasped the situation and laughed softly.

"No, my friend," he replied. Then with a smile more winning than the first: "But you're not the first one who's made the mistake of mixing us. We do look alike—very much—and we might almost pass as twins. Bob Sinclair and I used to play doubles together when at college. They never could tell us apart when dressed alike."

He laughed softly at the pleasant reminiscence, while the group studied him with eyes that held nothing but admiration. If he wasn't the president of the road, he was an intimate friend of his, so intimate that they called each other by their first names and had played together as college chums.

"I swan, I took you for him," Layton finally managed to say. "The minute you stepped off the train, I says that's the president, an' he's come to White Cliffs to pay a visit. You ain't the superintendent of——"

Harrowby shook his head negatively, and interrupted with a soft chuckle: "No, I'm not connected with the railroad—that is, officially. I believe I do own a lot of its stock—took it when my chum, Bob Sinclair, was elected president. Bob said it would be a good investment, and it is."

Harrowby's quick wit was coming to his rescue. Satisfied that the natives had not witnessed his forceful ejectment from the train, he could afford to play his part without fear of immediate detection. He had never seen White Cliffs before, and had not even a vague recollection of its existence on the map; but that was not a particular drawback now that he had been so unceremoniously dropped down in its midst.

He glanced from the group standing respectfully in front of him to the cluster of houses a few rods back of the station. They were clean white houses, built half a century ago, and while a little weather-beaten and in need of paint, they proclaimed a certain dignity and solidity of construction that could not be overlooked.

"A nice town you have here," he remarked, waving a hand toward the residences. "Bob—President Sinclair—often spoke to me about it, and said if I was in need of a good investment I'd better look it over. Great resources and a strategical situation, he said, I believe."

"Yep! There ain't a more likely town between New York and San Francisco," volunteered Bud Griswold, patriotically. "Now, Willoughy down the line ain't got a thing on it, even if they did get the junction terminal—no, sirree!"

Harrowby smiled winningly upon the speaker.

"Willoughy!" he said. "Oh, yes, I remember. They got the junction terminal—and you wanted it to come here."

"Well, we did want it," answered Bud, exercising his jaws vigorously, "but I ain't sure it would help us any now. It brought in a lot of riffraff, and Willoughy ain't the town it used to be. Now, White Cliffs ain't gone back none, and folks here's honest and respectable—all old families that's lived here since Noah landed his ark on that Ararat mountain."

"Your biblical reference is quite apropos," chuckled Harrowby.

Bud cleared his throat and looked pleased; the rest of his companions nodded and envied him the approval of the stranger. Ed Griffith, who owned a general merchandise store in White Cliffs, and operated a line of hacks, consisting of two broken-down wagons and a team of spavined horses, scented business, and broke in to relieve Bud of further embarrassment.

"You want to go to a hotel? I got a hack waiting here. I'll drive you up free of charge, seein' I'm going by the Cliff House."

Harrowby assumed a dubious, hesitating air.

"The Cliff House?" he inquired. "Is that the best hotel in town? You see, I'm a stranger here, and will have to trust to your recommendation. I want the best—the very best. I may have to stay here some time, and——"

"The Cliff House ain't got an equal in town," promptly replied Griffith. He owned a three-quarters interest in it, and was not averse to drumming up trade for his own house. "Between you and me an' that watering tank, stranger——"

"Not stranger," Harrowby interrupted politely, "but a friend. My name's Harrowby—Elton Winton Harrowby."

The card he extended contained the full name, and below in one corner the significant words, "capitalist and promoter."

Ed Griffith took the card and thumbed it gingerly. The eyes of the others stared over his shoulder and took in the finely engraved name in one quick glance.

"Well, Mr. Harrowby, I'm pleased to meet you. My name's Griffith, Edward Griffith." He hesitated a moment, half inclined to add a middle name, which he did not possess, but the fear of those watching him caused him to stick to the plain truth.

"And these are my friends," continued the self-appointed spokesman, introducing the others. "Alf Layton, who sells tickets and represents the railroad in town; Bud Griswold, our town clerk; Silas Warner, who's lived in White Cliffs for—for—how long have you lived here, Silas?"

"Goin' on to seventy-six year," piped up a weak voice from a weazened individual.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Warner," heartily exclaimed Harrowby, seizing his hand and shaking it vigorously. "Any man who's lived to such a ripe old age is deserving of all respect."

With a word to the others, he shook their hands in turn. Then, in a little crisper voice added to Griffith:

"I must get up to the hotel, if you'll be so kind as to show me the way."

"Any luggage, Mr. Harrowby?"

"No, not now," Harrowby replied, frowning. "You see, I hadn't planned to stop off here at first. I was going through, and then my old friend's words came to me about White Cliffs being such a promising field for investment, and I decided to drop off. Got the conductor to stop the Limited, and here I am. They'll send my baggage down on a local, I suppose. It's a little annoying, but——"

"Yes, so it is, but I guess we can make you comfortable until it comes. Right this way now."

Harrowby suffered himself to be led away to the disreputable hack, waving a farewell to the rest of the group. Once inside the old vehicle, he sat back and smiled indulgently.

"Luck's not so bad after all," he reflected. "That dried-up conductor may have been an angel in disguise. Anyhow, I'll take a look over the field and enjoy a few nights of quiet rest. I'll go the limit on the free lunch ticket."

CHAPTER II.

WHITE CLIFFS was a town of considerable size and wealth, considering it had no particular excuse for existence other than that its original settlers had made money in farming before the boom days of the West, and this tangible wealth had been bequeathed to children and grandchildren who had not added thereto one jot or tittle.

There was no manufacturing industry to redeem it from a natural decadénce that settled in when farming ceased to prove a profitable investment. But the considerable wealth inherited from past sturdy ancestors was sufficient to maintain the old families in a state of genteel poverty.

White Cliffs had been waiting for the unexpected to happen. While other towns had grown and expanded through the magic touch of manufacture, it had remained stationary, isolated from the great industrial world around. Had the railroad made it a terminal junction, it might have taken on a new lease of life and risen from the ashes of its past decay.

But Willoughy had drawn the coveted prize, and nothing else very promising appeared on the horizon. There was no water power to drive the wheels of commerce; no mines or facilities for cheap transportation of goods, once manufactured—nothing, in fact, that could hold out special inducements to capitalists.

Harrowby, as he rode up from the station to the Cliff House, noted the general topography of the country and the air of resigned indolence of its inhabitants. They seemed to have abandoned themselves to the inevitable. The town was doomed to gradual decay, and nothing short of a miracle could check its downward slide.

"Nothing but farming and gossip," Harrowby mused, his spirits dropping at every pace of the spavined horse.

Many of the houses showed wonderful antique dignity, built on large and spacious plans, with gardens and lawns extending from the roadway to the broad piazzas that often ran around three sides of the mansions. There had been wealth and luxurious living in the past; but the present owners were in no financial condition to support such elegance.

"Land-poor misers most of 'em," soliloquized Harrowby, frowning. "Not a very promising field. Better take the local back in the morning. Too darn stupid here for a gentleman."

He yawned and stretched vigorously.

When the hack drew up in front of the Cliff House, he resumed his air of polite, detatched indifference, softened and mellowed by a smile that seldom failed to win confidence and respect.

"How much for your services?" he asked, jingling a few loose coins in his pocket.

BE SURE and read "FEET OF CLAY; or, THE WHITE CLIFFS DEAL," in this issue. You will find it a corking story. Next week's leader will be a thrilling historic novel by T. C. Harbaugh, entitled, "A FLOWER OF FRANCE; or, THE QUEEN MOTHER'S PLOT." It is not only good history but an absorbing story. Look out for "SAMSON SETHFIELD, STRONG MAN; or, THE BURNING BUSH MINE," a great Colorado mining story, and "WASHINGTON'S BOY SCOUTS; or, BEATING THE SECRET SIX," a new boys' story by Captain Jack Judson.

"Nary a cent," promptly replied Griffith, although it was a sore temptation when he heard the ring of true silver. "I said I'd accommodate you, and I ain't charging for something that's a pleasure to me."

Harrowby shook his hand cordially. "You remind me of a friend who runs a big cotton mill down South—Colonel Sonsbury, a typical Southern gentleman. Never lets me pay a cent when I'm with him—insults him to speak of money—simply won't look at the color of your coin. And," looking straight into the eyes of the owner of the hack, "I've traveled enough to know a true gentleman every time."

When Griffith recovered from this and the hearty squeeze of the hand, Harrowby was halfway up the steps of the Cliff House; but with two bounds the hack driver was again by his side.

"Let me introduce you, Mr. Harrowby," he whispered. "Say, Bill," addressing an individual advancing toward them, "this is a friend of mine, Mr. Harrowby, of New York. He's come down to stay a few days with us. Give him the best you got in the house. Don't scrimp him any."

Big Bill Burns welcomed his guest cordially, but with the air of one who had been disappointed so many times that he was perfectly resigned to any other hard luck that could be handed out to him.

"I'll take good care of him, Ed," he replied, shaking Harrowby's hand, but addressing his fellow townsman.

Across the way an elderly man detached himself from the group of loungers and walked toward the newcomer. Harrowby, quick and alert for strangers, shifted his gaze and attention to this new face, which seemed to stand out conspicuously from all the others; but he was not so inattentive that his ears failed to catch the remark whispered at his back.

"Capitalist — looking for investments—friend of the new president of the railroad."

The words were those of Ed Griffith, and the listener Big Bill, his host.

"Who is this gentleman approaching?" Harrowby asked, turning to his mentor. "Seems to me I've seen his face before."

"Him? Oh, that's Tom Waldo, our leading citizen and town treasurer. You want to meet him. He'll be glad to know you."

Somewhat puffed up by the important role he was playing, Griffith tugged at Harrowby's arm and half dragged him to meet the approaching figure.

"Tom, I want to introduce you to a friend," he added, emphasizing the last word. "He dropped off the Limited—stopped here just to let him off—a great friend of the president of the road—down here on important business. Mr. Harrowby—Mr. Waldo."

They shook hands cordially. Harrowby felt a curious sensation of uneasiness as he clasped the warm, gentle hand thrust out to meet his, and gazed into a face so kind and fatherly that it made his conscience creak. The silvered hair of the town treasurer and leading citizen surmounted a broad forehead and a face of unusual tenderness.

"You're welcome here, Mr. Harrowby," he heard a soft voice drawl. "Very welcome, sir. Anything we can do to make your visit pleasant is yours without asking. I think I voice the sentiment of my townspeople when I say that you have the freedom of our city. Perhaps it may not seem like a city to you, sir, you who come from the great metropolis, but to us who cherish its old associations it is more than a city—it's a home, sir."

Harrowby inwardly smiled at the old-fashioned speech of welcome, but something in the face and bearing of the man checked any smile. He was sincere, and not attitudinizing; he was of the old school—courtly, honest, and hospitable. What luck that he should be cast in such society! It was almost like taking pennies from little children.

"My stay here may not be long," he replied, "but brief or otherwise it will be brightened by such a hearty welcome. Mr. Waldo, I salute you!"

He made a bow that could not have been surpassed by a teacher of deportment.

"When you have refreshed yourself, it will give me great pleasure to show you around," Mr. Waldo added, still patting the hand resting in one of his. "I'll bring my team up right after dinner. You see, sir, we're a bit old-fashioned; we dine in the middle of the day."

"Mr. Burns," turning to the proprietor of the Cliff House, "see that Mr. Harrowby has the best room and the best meals your wife can scare up. And I know she's the best cook in town!"

Big Bill did not smile at this left-handed compliment, for he had heard it so many times that it had lost its savor; but he led his guest away to the best suite in the house, and then sought out Mrs. Burns to lay the case of preparing a special dinner before her.

In his two rooms and bath Harrowby took a mental survey of the situation. The Cliff House was not so bad; it was an old hotel, but it had been originally built with an eye to luxury and comfort. The rooms were large, though a little musty; the bath, an afterthought, was not up-to-date in open plumbing, but clean and convenient; the view from the two sides was all that could be expected as the hotel stood on a slight eminence.

From one of these windows Harrowby got his first glimpse of the origin of the town's name. A series of white cliffs—clay banks, he judged—rimmed the town on three sides. At a distance they gave a distinctive virtue to the landscape because of their white, shimmering effect in an otherwise monotonous flat country.

"White Cliffs!" he mused, looking at them intently. "White clay or sand or——"

He frowned and jingled a few coins in his pocket. Abstractedly he drew them forth and counted them, still thinking of the white cliffs.

"Two dollars and fifty-one cents," he said. "What's the odd cent for? That must be my lucky coin. I'll toss it on a gamble. Heads I stay; tails I go."

He flipped the coin and dexterously caught it.

"I stay. Well, it isn't half bad—pretty view—nice people—and good air. But it's dull—good Lord! dull enough to put a crimp in a nightingale's song. Wonder if there are any songbirds round these parts—pretty rustic beauties, virtuous dairy-maids and unsophisticated damsels with the blue eyes and sunshiny hair. Nit! They don't grow in the country any more. Broadway's corralled the whole bunch of 'em. For pure, unadulterated beauty—plus a little make-up grease and paint—give me the footlights and lobster palaces."

His eyes roamed the country outside and came back to his money in hand.

"Two-fifty, eh!—not counting the lucky cent. Where's the capital for investments? I wonder if old Waldo could put up a few thousands on a game of speculation! Nice old man—I'd hate to fleece him, but—town treasurer! That sounds good. Must handle a lot of money in the course of a year. I'll cultivate his acquaintance, and maybe we can find a way to put the town's money to work. Who knows?"

Harrowby sat down to as fine a dinner of broiled spring chickens and fresh vegetables as the culinary art of the famous Mrs. Burns could prepare. When he was through he was genuinely and honestly thankful, and his words of commendation brought a faint blush to the withered cheeks of the woman who had cooked and scrubbed and cleaned for the Cliff House since the day she first came to it as a bride of twenty summers.

Mr. Thomas Waldo was as good as his word. At one-thirty he drove up to the Cliff House with a span of horses that caused Harrowby to smile with satisfaction. They were high steppers, registered stock, blue-blooded from the delicately-distended nostrils to the tips of their flowing tails. Harrowby knew good horses when he saw them, and he was genuinely pleased to ride behind them.

"Yes, sir," explained Mr. Waldo, "they're true Morgans—bred 'em myself—know their pedigree way back. Mighty fine steppers and lookers. Don't have to urge them along."

They drove through the town and skirted the edge of the white cliffs. Suddenly, in the midst of a sharp spin, Harrowby caught the arm of the driver.

"Stop!" he exclaimed sharply.

When the team was brought to a standstill he vaulted from the seat and ran toward the foot of the nearest cliff. Surprised and mystified, the old man watched him scoop up some of the white clay and examine it critically. When he finally returned to the carriage an eager light shone in his eyes.

"Who owns these banks, Mr. Waldo?" Harrowby asked, in a voice that seemed to vibrate with suppressed excitement.

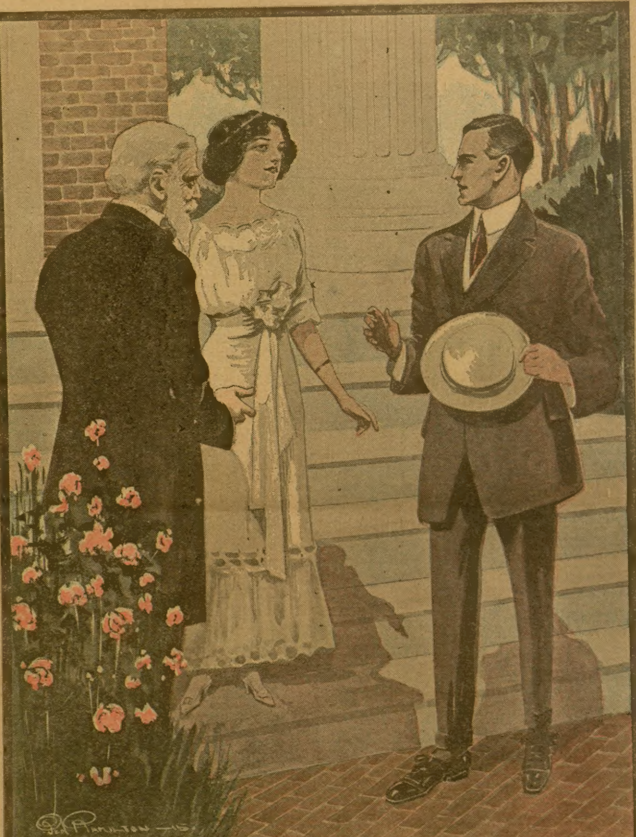
"Why, sir, I do, and Bud Griswold and Ed Griffith, and others of my distinguished townspeople. May I inquire why you ask the question?"

Harrowby hesitated; he had gathered a pocketful of the white, soft clay, and held some of it in the palm of his left hand. When he finally looked up his face was very grave and serious.

"I don't like to answer that question just now, Mr. Waldo. I may be wrong. I don't like to start false alarms, but—but"—he leaned closer and added in a whisper—"but there may be a fortune in this clay—a great fortune if—but there, I won't say another word until I'm sure. Forget all about it. Don't mention this little incident to any one. I don't like to make predictions that may not prove true."

"Quite right, sir, quite right!"

But there was eagerness in the voice that could not be suppressed, and the hands holding the reins trembled ever so slightly as they drove on.



Instead of retreating she continued to advance.

CHAPTER III.

THEIR ride after that was a silent one. Harrowby was slowly maturing in his mind one of those brilliant coups that had made his checkered career a series of queer adventures, and had bred in his mind the philosophy that any man could make his fortune by using his wits.

This philosophy had borne fruit, both bitter and sweet. He had made his fortune—several of them—but he was nearly always as poor as the proverbial church mouse. That was not the fault of his system, but rather of a luxuriant temperament that liked to bask in the sunshine.

Money mean nothing to him except as a means to enjoyment. The making of it was easy, and the excitement of winning it against heavy odds was pleasantly enthralling; but what was the good of toiling to make more than one actually needed?"

After the stress and excitement of putting over a deal—not always shady and illegal—there followed the paralysis of inertia; he liked to spend and speculate, and while plentifully supplied with funds, he invariably lost. His was a nature that required a stiff fight—long odds against success—to make progress. His wits required apparently the sharpening influence of adversity and hard luck to make them work properly.

It was the life of a gentleman of adventure that he liked—not adventure in war and bloodshed and physical crime, but in matching wits against society, convention, and business methods. All men were engaged in this more or less, each trying to get more than his share of the world's money. The majority restrained their desire to pilfer and steal because of fear of the law. Harrowby had a wholesome respect for that, too, but he took longer chances than some.

He was awakened from his abstractions by a sudden burst of speed and a quick turn of the carriage that made it spin around on two wheels. The team of Morgans had swung to the left, and they were entering a drive that led up to an old-fashioned house standing back from the road.

"I'm taking you to my home, sir," his host explained, noting the look of inquiry in Harrowby's eyes. "You're going to be welcome here, always, sir, and I want you to get acquainted."

They stopped before the front piazza, and while Mr. Waldo was hitching the horses to a stone post the door of the house opened and a girl appeared.

Harrowby was conscious of a pair of blue eyes and a wonderful head of gold, but when she spoke his mind was attracted to the voice and throat. Something in the vibrations of the tone seemed to thrill him.

"Papa, why haven't you brought Mr. Harrowby home with you?"

She caught sight of him before the words were barely out of her mouth, and immediately stopped and blushed prettily. But she was not over-modest or too conventional. Instead of retreating or showing confusion at her mistake, she continued to advance and extended a hand.

"I didn't see you at first," she apologized. "Papa told me about you, and said he'd probably bring you home. I'm so glad to see you."

Harrowby took the small hand and looked steadily into the blue eyes, which did not flinch before his. There was roguish humor twinkling in their depths; she was scarcely more than a child, it seemed, and the face was as frank and fearless as a ten-year-old tomboy.

"This is my daughter, sir," introduced Mr. Waldo, advancing. "My little Rose."

"I suppose papa will always call me that," she added with an unaffected laugh. "He thinks I'm little, and because my name's Rose, I'll always be his 'little Rose'."

"I'm very fond of roses," Harrowby said, smiling. "They're my favorite flowers, but"—laughing softly—"most of them have thorns."

"Oh, dear, I hoped you wouldn't say that," she pouted. "Everybody gets that off. It gets tiresome, you know, when you hear it every time you are introduced to a stranger."

"It was stupid of me," Harrowby acknowledged, liking her for her frankness. "But you took my breath away, you're so like a wild rose——"

"Another commonplace pun, Mr. Harrowby," she interrupted. "I thought from what father said about you I could expect something better."

Harrowby pulled his wits together sharply. The girl, so young and youthful-looking, was not to be trifled with by ordinary compliments and frothy remarks; she was mature and grown enough not to care about such silly things.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I won't offend again. If you'll accept me on probation, I'll try to reform. I'll not speak of roses again, nor send you any. If I choose a flower it will be a lily or orchid."

"Don't send me orchids; they're too expensive. I love them—crave them—but—well, make it lilies," she added, breaking off with a laugh.

"Tiger lilies?"

She looked at him and smiled.

"Yes, if you think they suit me. But come in. Father will return shortly. He won't be any good until he rubs down Bob and Tony."

Harrowby looked a little bewildered.

"Of course, I mean the horses—papa's pets. He couldn't live without them. I think sometimes he loves them more than he does me. But that's natural. I love pets, too. I have a dear little Angora cat. Do you like cats, Mr. Harrowby?"

He smiled as she looked seriously at him for a direct answer.

"Can't say that I do very much. When I was a boy I used to tie tin cans to their tails, and their ghosts have haunted me ever since."

"Any one who would do such a cruel thing ought to be haunted by ghosts," she answered severely. "Is that all you did when a boy?"

"Oh, no, there are lots of other things I did. I was just a boy, and I suppose I had the common wickedness of the tribe."

"Most boys are cruel—and men, too."

"You—you think so?" he gasped.

She nodded, and then added in a whisper. 'Of course, there are exceptions—papa for instance."

"No one else?" he asked banteringly.

The gloriously blue eyes were fixed upon him in a far-away stare. "You're fishing for a compliment now," she said, "but you won't get it. Let me show you my Angora."

From somewhere she picked up a fluffy roll of soft, long fur and deposited it in Harrowby's arms. There was an angry spit, a dig of sharp claws, and a flash of something that catapulted from his arms to the nearest chair.

"Oh, Genie doesn't like you," Rose exclaimed. "I'm so sorry because—I wanted to be friends with you."

Harrowby smiled in spite of the pain from the scratch. "Can't we be friends in spite of Genie?" he asked humorously.

"I don't know. Cats are such good guides. They have instinct, you know. They take to those who are good and true and kind, and——"

"I'll make Genie like me," he interrupted, picking up the Angora and caressing the humped back. Much to his surprise and that of Rose, the cat did not resent this, but purred and rested contentedly in his arms.

"You seem to have the power of soothing the ruffled feelings of your enemies," Rose remarked, her eyes flashing humorously. "I never saw Genie change so quickly. It's almost uncanny."

"I hope she'll continue to like me if it's essential to our friendship. Don't you?"

She did not reply. Taking the Angora from his arms, she cuddled the beautiful creature in her own soft, white ones.

"Are you going to stay in White Cliffs long, Mr. Harrowby?" she asked in the most conventional, matter-of-fact voice.

"Quite a while, perhaps—yes, for a few days or weeks," he answered hesitatingly. "I haven't really formulated my plans yet."

"You have business here?"

The query in the eyes disturbed Harrowby as much as the verbal interrogation. He gave her a sharp, quizzical glance before he answered.

"That depends," was the noncommittal reply. "Business to me is a matter of chance and opportunity. I never know just where it may lead me or how long it will detain me in any particular place. Why?"

A perceptible frown knitted the brow and gave a sweet, grave setting to the beautiful face.

"I don't know how to answer that, or why I asked you the question," she answered slowly. "Perhaps I'm foolish to entertain any such notion, but instinct seemed to tell me that you—you—would help us, and that your coming meant that—that——"

She broke off and flushed with embarrassment.

"You must excuse me," she added with a laugh. "I must have been speaking my own thoughts aloud. I didn't realize what I was saying. You must forget it, Mr. Harrowby."

"I'd rather not forget it, Miss Waldo," he replied gravely, facing her. "In what way could I help you?"

She stood a moment in silent embarrassment, her head drooping. "I don't know—that's the sad part of it—I can't tell you. If I knew myself, it might be different."

"That's a conundrum beyond my solution," he replied, smiling in spite of the solemnity of the face before him. "Can't you help me with a clew?"

She looked at him unsteadily a moment, trying to match his smile with one of her own, but it was a wry attempt. Then she sighed and deposited the cat on a chair.

"No, I can't help you. I can't give you a clew beyond this. Something is distressing papa—worrying him so that I fear for his sanity. He won't tell me what it is. I can't imagine, and yet—yet——"

"So there is a clew, after all?" Harrowby broke in, when she stammered and stopped.

Instead of answering as he expected, she shuddered and drew away from him. "No, no, there is none. I know absolutely nothing."

He watched her in silence, his face as grave and serious as hers. She showed no signs of speaking further of her troubles, and footsteps outside told him that Mr. Waldo had finished rubbing down Bob and Tony and would soon appear to interrupt their interview.

He took a quick step across the room and seized a hand. "Won't you trust me a little further?" he asked earnestly. "You suspect something, but won't express it. Perhaps I may be able to help you if you tell me."

"Oh, no, it isn't a suspicion," she replied, the smile returning to her lips. "It's only a part of the whole mystery."

"What is?"

She looked earnestly and searchingly into his face, studying it with the intense scrutiny of a cornered animal seeking to learn its fate. Harrowby experienced a thrill of pleasure at her nearness and the spell of the liquid eyes.

"I suppose I shouldn't tell you," she began with a sigh, "but I feel I—I can trust you—and there's nobody else that I can talk to about it."

She stopped again, her maidenly distress causing her to flush and stammer, but the sound of footsteps on the piazza seemed to give her courage. Impulsively she continued:

"Why should papa want me to marry a man I hate—marry him now—and—leave home—leave White Cliffs?"

Harrowby was so surprised by this question that he had no ready answer, and stood in dumb astonishment while she went on quickly and nervously.

"We've always been together—papa and I—and he loves me. I'm everything to him, and I know it will kill him if I leave, and yet he wants me to marry this—this man—and go away with him. He begs me—implores me—and—and almost threatens me. Why—oh, why—does he do it, Mr. Harrowby?"

Mr. Waldo's hand was already on the doorknob; in another minute he would be in the room. Harrowby pulled himself together with an effort and asked in a sharp whisper:

"Who is the man, Miss Waldo?"

"Mr.—no, I can't tell you that—not now."

The door opened and Thomas Waldo entered. "Now, sir, if my daughter has made you feel at home, I trust we can have a friendly drink together while we talk business."

"Business!" Harrowby repeated, a little nonplused. Then he smiled, and added: "Oh, yes, of course. I shall be delighted. Your daughter is a most charming hostess, Mr. Waldo, and I hope I shall have many opportunities to repeat this call."

"As many as you like, sir. When I gave you the freedom of our city, I gave you the keys to my home. Its door is always open to you."

Harrowby acknowledged the courtly bow accompanying the words, but his eyes drifted in the direction of Rose, who stood near the door ready to depart. There was a quick exchange of glances—a smile and a nod! Then she had fled. There was no question of his welcome from that quarter.

CHAPTER IV.

THE unexpected interview with Rose Waldo—a veritable wild rose, he thought—banished from Harrowby's mind all thoughts of his recent hastily-planned scheme for rehabilitating his fortunes. Her eyes and appealing face had quenched a desire to use her father as a means for his own fortune-making.

In the quietness of the smoking-room, with glasses before them and good cigars to smoke, his thoughts wandered from the courtly, hospitable old gentleman to the bright face of his daughter. The inconsequential conversation of his host occupied only a part of his mind, and he permitted him to ramble on without interruption.

Accidentally drawing a hand from one of his pockets, Harrowby pulled forth some of the white clay he had gathered from the foot of the cliffs. The sight of it recalled the incident and made him smile.

It also brought his host suddenly to a stiff attitude. Bending toward his guest, he said:

"You spoke, sir, of a fortune being made out of that clay. You will perhaps excuse an old man for showing curiosity and—and interest. I myself, sir, own a considerable part of the cliffs outside of the town, and if there is anything in the clay that is valuable I shall naturally be interested in it."

There was tense eagerness in the face and voice, and the speaker was struggling to hide it with poor success.

"I didn't say there was anything of value in it," Harrowby replied, pocketing the clay. "On second thought, I think I was mistaken. No, there's nothing to it."

The florid face before him paled and the hands twitched. The voice quivered a little as he spoke.

"You've changed your mind very suddenly, sir. A short time ago you—you felt differently."

"I made no promises, Mr. Waldo; you remember that. I didn't want to raise false hopes."

"True, sir," was the quavering answer, "but your words and attitude gave me reason to believe you had found something of great value. Why have you changed your view?"

Harrowby noted the keen look of suspicion directed at him. Was the old man distrusting him, believing that he was trying to conceal some great discovery from him? For a moment a smile struggled to his lips.

No acting on his part could have been more effective. Here he was trying to escape perpetrating a swindle, and his intended victim was struggling to put his neck in the noose. How simple the game! By awakening the victim's suspicions he was unconsciously forging chains that bound them closer together.

Harrowby, an expert at the game and a good student of human nature, experienced a strong desire to put the swindle through. It was so easy that it made him chuckle inwardly. With Thomas Waldo, the town treasurer, to back him, what could he not do with the poor dupes of White Cliffs? They would tumble over one another to put their money in his hands to invest in white clay banks!

But the thought of a pair of appealing eyes quickly brought him to his senses. He could not add to her troubles by swindling her father and dragging him into the mire. Harrowby liked to play the game squarely; he did not want to take advantage of those incapable of fighting their own battles. He liked it best when his victims were worthy of his steel.

"Forget it, Mr. Waldo," he added, after a pause. "There's nothing in that clay. It wouldn't be worth fifty cents a ton for brick-making, and I don't think a brick-yard would pay here."

The town treasurer smiled and bit off the end of another cigar. He was still unconvinced.

"I've often thought some good use could be made of that clay," he remarked slowly. "It's very clear and white—unusually so, isn't it? I've always lacked the necessary capital to exploit it, but you, sir, with your greater wealth and greater knowledge of trade and business, should be able to do something with it."

"But I just told you it's worthless," Harrowby replied, showing a little impatience. "I could do nothing with it."

There was a moment of silence between them. Harrowby felt a sudden pity for the old man; he was taking his disappointment rather hard. He could see now that the little incident had aroused hopes in the man that could not be easily suppressed. He began to feel ashamed of himself.

"You may, sir, at least give me a word of advice," Mr. Waldo added. "As a mark of friendship you may find it possible to enlighten me as to your earlier intention. Very possibly I could find a way to investigate and make use of your idea. I am not rich, but the trust and esteem I'm held in by my fellow townspeople would enable me to raise the necessary capital to exploit it. Yes, sir, that is probable."

Harrowby felt an inclination to laugh outright. The lamb was determined to be led to the slaughter; he was pursuing the very line of action he had intended that he should take before he had met Rose. Why not let him go ahead? It would be easy for him to carry out the scheme and then decamp at the proper moment with his pockets well lined with money.

"No, I can't do even that," he heard himself saying, apparently without mental volition. He smiled inwardly at his own words, for when had he turned away a sure thing for the sake of a pair of blue eyes?

"You would only lose your money and that of your friends, Mr. Waldo. I can't do it. We must drop the matter for good."

"Very well, sir." There was a frigidness in the voice as his host rose from his seat. It was a polite dismissal, and Harrowby was eager to seize it to terminate the unpleasant interview. "As my guest, sir," he continued, "I cannot urge you further. But, sir, I'll admit I'm disappointed in you—distinctly disappointed."

Harrowby grasped the hand and looked him squarely in the eyes. "I'm doing this for your own good, Mr. Waldo," he said frankly. "Some day you may—and again you may not—thank me for it."

"As to that, sir, I may say I'm a better judge than you."

Harrowby understood the meaning of the polite bow and the motion to dismiss him. He left the room quietly, his host accompanying him to the door and bidding him a courteous farewell. He stood a moment in doubt and uncertainty. He wanted another glimpse of Rose, but she was nowhere in sight.

"Good day, Mr. Waldo!" he exclaimed. "I hope to stay in White Cliffs for a few days, and I'm going to take advantage of your offer to call here often."

"You're always welcome, sir. My daughter will be here to receive you—if I'm not."

The door closed between them.

"I wonder if I'm not a fool," Harrowby soliloquized as he walked slowly away. "The stage is set and the victims more than willing to play their parts, and here I withdraw for—for——"

(Continued on page nineteen.)

His Northern Wife

Or, In the Days of Strife

By Emma Howard Wight

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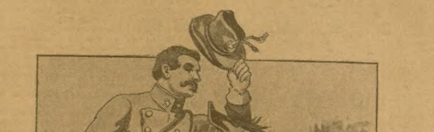


"I' have been waiting to bid you good-by."

CHAPTER V.

A WEEK after the departure of the Phillipses, the White Sulphur Springs Hotel was practically deserted. Roland Sutherland had returned to Roselands, Mrs. Levering and her daughter to Thorndale, their plantation adjoining. To Stella Levering everything seemed changed. The girl, herself, had never quite realized how deeply and passionately she loved Roland Sutherland until she knew that he was lost to her, that her love was hopeless. She had never known before what it meant to be unhappy, to be thwarted, to have a wish denied, and she was rebellious and bitter. She could not bring herself to accept what appeared to be inevitable.

To Roland Sutherland, also, the world had changed, become glorified. A rose-hued glamour was over everything. He was the last of his race and name. He felt it incumbent upon him to marry to perpetuate his name and race, and he might have married Stella Levering if he had never met Agatha Phillips. He might have mistaken the brotherly attachment he had for Stella for a different and tenderer love.

A few days after her return from the White Sulphur Springs, Stella went down to the slave quarters to the cabin of Granny Ann, a very old negress who had the reputation of being possessed of occult powers, who was said to be able to work wonderful spells and to be an adept in what the darkies called "hoodooing." They stood in great awe of the old negress, and if the things said of her were true, she would have fared badly in the days when witches were burned at the stake.

The hideous, mummylike old negress, crouching over the fireplace, the red light of the fire playing over her, made such a weird, uncanny picture, that Stella paused irresolute on the threshold. Granny Ann, who despite her great age, was in possession of her faculties, turned her bleared eyes upon Stella and said:

"Come in, young mistis. Ole Granny Ann been 's'pectin' you."

"You've been expecting me?" exclaimed Stella, as she moved toward the fireplace. She seldom visited the negro quarters, and had never been to Granny Ann's cabin before.

"Ya'as, ole Granny Ann been seein' picters in the fire," replied the old negress. She pointed a long, clawlike finger at the leaping flames. "I seed de young mistis, Mist' Roland Suth'land, and a booftiful young lady wid cheeks lak wild roses. And Mist' Roland Suth'land he done tu'n 'way frum de young mistis to de young lady who comed frum way off."

Stella dropped down upon a wooden stool beside the fireplace, staring amazedly at Granny Ann.

"De big log split dis mo'nin' and de sparks make a wreath," continued Granny Ann. "Dat mean thar gwine to be a weddin'." She looked at Stella. "But you ain't gwine to be de bride, young mistis. Mist' Roland Suth'land, he gwine to bring de young lady wid de wild-rose cheeks a bride to Roselands."

Stella winced, then she leaned eagerly toward Granny Ann.

"Can't you tell me of a way to prevent his marrying her?" she asked, her breath coming quickly.

The old negress shook her head. Stella sank back with an exclamation of extreme disappointment. Then she looked at Granny Ann, and a contemptuous laugh broke from her lips.

"I was fool to come here, to put any faith in crazy negro talk!" she exclaimed.

"It am writ what am to be," declared Granny Ann, calmly. "And thar ain't nuffin' what can change it. De young lady, what am a stranger in dis land, am gwine to be de mistis ob Roselands." She leaned forward, gazing intently into the flames. "Fo' a bery li'l while dey gwine to be bery happy, de sun gwine to shine, and de flowers gwine to bloom. Den thar come a brack cloud." Despite her incredulity, Stella leaned toward Granny Ann listening eagerly. "De cloud, it hang low ober dis heah land, de women, dey gwine to weep and to mo'n, de fiel's gwine to be laid waste and to stink in de nostrils, and de nigger no longer gwine to call de white man massa."

She paused. Stella gazed at her breathlessly, forgetting, for the time, everything save the strange prophecy of war and the freedom of the negroes which the old negress' words conveyed.

"And dis heah brack cloud gwine to shut out de sunlight frum Mist' Roland Suth'land and dat wife ob his'n frum de strange land," continued Granny Ann. "And thar's somebody what gwine to come 'tween 'em, and de wife of Mist' Roland Suth'land gwine to shed many teahs 'case ob dat pusson."

"Is it a woman who will come between them?" asked Stella, eagerly.

Granny Ann shook her head.

"No, it am a man," she replied.

"A man?" exclaimed Stella.

Granny Ann nodded, her eyes on the fire.

"Ya'as, I sees him in de fire."

"What is he like?" asked Stella.

"He am bery young, not much mo'n a boy, his eyes am de color ob de dawn, his cheeks am pink lak a woman's, and his ha'r am bright lak de sunset, and curly."

"Her brother Harold!" cried Stella, with a mingling of astonishment and disappointment, astonishment at the strange power of the old negress, disappointment that the man was not a lover of Agatha. She could think of no possible way in which Harold Phillips could come between his sister and her husband.

"It is not a man you see, but a boy between fifteen and sixteen years of age, isn't it?" she asked.

"No," replied Granny Ann. "He am older, fo' years older."

Stella sat thinking. The fire died down. Granny Ann seemed to have fallen asleep. At length Stella aroused herself, arose, and stood looking down for a few moments upon Granny Ann. She had forgotten the repulsion with which the old darky had inspired her. She was wondering and curious. She turned and went slowly out of the cabin.

Just outside the cabin, she met a middle-aged negro woman who glanced curiously at Stella as she dropped a curtsy. Stella flushed. She had a guilty feeling that the woman guessed what had brought her to Granny Ann's cabin. She stopped and spoke to her.

"You are Melissa, aren't you?" she asked.

"Ya'as, young mistis."

"What relation are you to Granny Ann?"

Melissa thought a moment and then shook her head.

"I don't know jest 'zactly, young mistis," she replied. "Granny Ann am my mudder's gran'mudder."

"That makes her your great-grandmother," said Stella, wonderingly. "She must be very old."

"I reckon she am ole," declared Melissa, with much pride. "Thar ain't no tellin' how ole Granny Ann is. She done libed so long dat she done got her second sight."

Stella, not wanting to hear any more, passed on. Melissa entered the cabin. Granny Ann awoke as Melissa replenished the fire.

"What did de young mistis want, granny?" asked Melissa, curiously. "Did she want you to put a spell on Mist' Roland Suth'land so she git him back ag'in?"

"Quality white folks' doin's ain't no business ob niggers," replied Granny Ann, severely.

Melissa hung her head under the rebuke and was silent.

CHAPTER VI.

THE sun was setting on an April day, seven months later, when Roland Sutherland brought his bride to Roselands. He lifted her from the carriage, murmuring tenderly, as he led her up the steps on to the stone-pillared portico:

"Welcome to Roselands, my darling! Welcome home!"

In the wide doorway stood a beautiful octoroon, tall, slender, and lithe, with soft dark eyes, skin like old ivory, a vivid mouth and heavy straight black hair. Clinging to her skirts was a very beautiful boy about nine years of age, with curly black hair, red cheeks and blue eyes.

His eyes, affectionate, eager, were fixed upon Roland, and he started toward him, but the octoroon laid a restraining hand on his shoulder and spoke to him in a low tone. The boy, with a crestfallen air, turned back into the house.

"Lona, this is your new mistress," said Roland to the octoroon. The latter curtsied.

"Welcome to Roselands, mistis," she said.

"Thank you," murmured Agatha, with a curious glance at the octoroon.

"Lona is my housekeeper," Roland explained.

"Is she a—slave?" Agatha asked, as they passed into the house.

Roland nodded carelessly.

"Yes," he replied.

In the great wide hall quite a number of negroes, house servants, were assembled.

Roland turned to Lona.

"Have you selected a maid for your mistress?" he asked.

"Yes, massa," she replied. She motioned to a neat-looking mulatto girl, who stood with the group of negroes, to come forward. "This am Minerva, your maid, mistis," she said to Agatha.

"Minerva will show you to your rooms, Agatha," said Roland.

He walked with her to the foot of the stairway and remained standing there until she had ascended, then he turned and spoke kindly to the darkies, who went away smiling and happy.

Minerva led the way along a corridor into a large bedroom, furnished in dark, highly polished mahogany, with a small, perfectly appointed dressing-room adjoining. Agatha's trunks were in the dressing-room, and Minerva soon had all her mistress needed for the evening ready. Agatha found the girl very deft and efficient, but she could not quite overcome a feeling of distaste with which the negro girl inspired her, an involuntary shrinking from the touch of the slim, yellow fingers especially when they came in contact with her flesh. The girl noted this and was quick to resent it.

"De young mistis act lak she thinks I am pizen," she confided later to Lona. "She kyant b'ar fo' me to touch that thar white skin ob her'n."

"She ain't used to niggers," said Lona, in her quiet, musical voice.

Minerva tossed her head.

"'Deed she ain't! I wish de massa had marr'ed Miss Stella."

"His wife is very beautiful," said Lona, in a low voice.

"Ya'as, indeedy!" exclaimed Minerva, with enthusiasm. "She am white as milk and her skin's lak satin. And I nebber seed such ha'r. Sometime it am red and sometime it am gold-colored and it hang down to her waist in curls. Miss Stella am pooty, but she can't hold a candle to de mistis. No wonder de massa fall head and ears in lub wid her."

A slight quiver passed over the handsome face of the octoroon as she turned away.

After she was dressed, Agatha dismissed her maid and sat down in one of the deep, cushioned window seats. The sun had dropped behind the mountain, leaving a faint golden glow upon the earth. Roselands stood upon a hill, and commanded a splendid view of the beautiful country for miles. The mountains were an intense blue in the fading light, touched with golden radiance at the top. The fruit trees were beginning to take on their white and pink blossoms, the wheat fields were an emerald green. The air was soft and balmy. The soft lowing of a cow and the songs of the negroes returning from the fields broke the silence.

A faint, dreamy smile touched Agatha's lips, her eyes were soft, tender and happy.

The door opened and her lovely color deepened as her husband entered and crossed the room to where she sat. He held in his hand a spray of pale-tinted flowers, delicately odorous. He dropped the flowers upon Agatha's lap.

"They are lovely," she murmured, touching the flowers caressingly with her slim, white fingers. "I have never seen any like them before. What are they called?"

"Trailing arbutus. They grow on the hillsides, under the leaves, and are the first flowers to bloom in the spring." He lifted the spray and held it against her cheek. "Their delicate pink is the color of your cheeks." She looked up at him smilingly. He bent over her passionately. "You are so beautiful, my beloved!" he whispered.

She leaned her head against his breast. "I am glad," she murmured.

They were silent for a while.

"Agatha, my wife, are you happy?" he asked.

"Yes, happier than I have words to tell you," she replied.

Again they were silent, while the twilight shadows gathered about them. He bent and kissed her passionately.

A bell sounded through the house.

"Supper is ready," said Roland. "Come, dear."

As she arose, she fastened the spray of trailing arbutus in her hair.

Down in the hall, at the foot of the stairway, the boy with the black curls and blue eyes stood waiting. His small, beautiful face lighted eagerly at the sight of Roland. The latter stopped a moment and laid his hand lightly on the boy's dark, curly head.

"You are glad to see me, Roy?" he asked kindly.

The boy looked up at him adoringly.

"Yes, massa."

"What a handsome boy!" said Agatha, as they passed on. "He reminds me of some one?" She paused thoughtfully. "Whose child is he?"

"He is Lona's child," replied Roland, after a barely perceptible hesitation.

"Your housekeeper's. I thought the boy was white. I thought his mother was white until I heard her call you master," said Agatha. "She is not what is called a mulatto?"

"No, she is an octoroon, the daughter of a quadroon," Roland explained.

Agatha shook her head smilingly.

"It is very bewildering to me," she declared.

A dignified old darky, named Ezekiah, in a Prince Albert coat, waited upon them at supper. Agatha thought it was the most delicious supper she had ever eaten. Never in her life had she tasted such fried chicken and such rice waffles. There were spiced ham, flaky biscuits, and a wonderful frosted cake, jellies and preserves and clotted cream. Agatha admired immensely the fine damask table linen, cut glass, rare old china and beautiful silver.

As they arose from the table, an old negro woman, fat, black, and shiny, in a spotless calico gown and white apron, with a bright red bandanna handkerchief on her head, entered from the pantry. To Agatha's surprise, she went up to Roland, threw her arms around him and hugged him.

"Bress yo' heart, honey!" she exclaimed, tenderly. "Yo' ole mammy sholy am glad to see you home ag'in."

Roland laughed and patted her affectionately on the shoulder. He turned to Agatha.

"This is my old mammy, dear."

Mammy turned and looked silently for a moment or so at Agatha.

"De young mistis am bootiful," she said. "She hab got cheeks lak wild roses, eyes lak de mo'nin' jest befo' de sun comes up, and ha'r lak it done cotched some ob de sunset. 'Tain't noways s'prisin' dat my young massa done fo'git thar war any oder woman in de worl', honey, arter he done seed you."

Roland looked at his beautiful wife and smiled.

"I nussed Marse Roland frum de moment he war bo'n," continued Mammy. "I hopes to nuss a li'l' baby ob his'n befo' anoder yeah done gone." Agatha flushed and her eyes drooped. Roland laughed softly. "I'se gittin' ole, but I knows de good Lawd gwine to let me lib long 'nough to hab dat happiness."

"Mamma, ain't the massa's wife beautiful?" said the little son of Lona, that night, as she was preparing him for bed.

A slight quiver passed over the vivid mouth of the octoroon.

"Yes, she is very beautiful," she replied.

The boy knelt at her knee and clasped his hands.

"God bless mamma and the massa." He paused and looked up into his mother's face.

"Shall I ask God to bless the massa's wife?" he asked.

The octoroon's eyes narrowed.

"No," she replied, with sudden passion.

CHAPTER VII.

A MONTH had passed. It was May, in the year 1861. Roselands, with its riot of roses, was at its loveliest. It was about ten o'clock on a perfect morning when Stella Levering crossed the stile at the point where the two plantations joined, and walked briskly up the broad avenue leading to the house. There was suppressed excitement in her bearing, and her eyes were bright with a strange light. Suddenly she paused as her eyes fell upon Roland Sutherland and his wife standing among the roses on the lawn. He held a basket, and she was clipping the roses which she dropped into it. For a moment Stella looked at them unobserved, the flicker of a cruel smile about her lips. Then she moved forward, and her shadow fell across the sunlight that lay about them.

They both looked up, and Agatha's face clouded a little. She and Stella were apparently on very friendly terms, but Agatha's womanly intuition warned her as to the girl's feelings toward her. And Stella had not been very successful in hiding her love for Roland Sutherland from his wife. She was too undisciplined, too lacking in self-control.

"Here is Miss Levering," Agatha said, with a touch of constraint.

Roland's brows contracted ever so slightly. It had been so perfect there in the midst of the roses, in the golden sunlight, with the fair, sweet wife he adored. But the girl, with her gypsy beauty, the cold smile on her lips, and the strange light in her eyes, whose shadow had fallen across the sunlight, brought with her an element of discord. The sunlight did not seem so bright, the roses so beautiful, and it seemed that some of gladness had gone from the fair face of his wife.

Greetings were exchanged, and Agatha invited Stella to go into the house. She declined.

"I came to ask Roland if he had heard the latest war news," she explained.

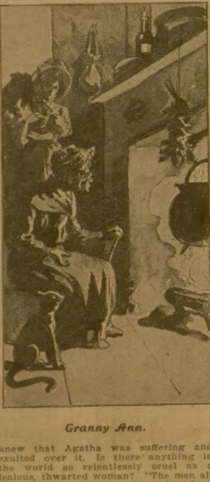
There was an instant's silence. Agatha paled.

"No, I have heard nothing," Roland replied, while Agatha looked in a troubled, questioning way at Stella.

"Major Jackson is calling upon the men of Virginia to join his troops at Harper's Ferry," Stella went on to explain. "Mother and I were in Winchester yesterday. There are posters all over the town signed by Major Jackson, urging the men to join him without delay. There are regiments forming in Winchester. There is no longer any doubt but that we shall have war."

As she finished speaking, she gave a swift glance at Agatha. She was standing very pale and very still, one hand had closed tightly over the stem of the rose she held and drops of blood stained her white gown where the thorns had pierced her flesh, but she seemed oblivious of the pain. She was looking at her husband, her eyes wide and scared. He studiously avoided looking at her. He could not bring himself to do so; he had not the courage.

"There is nothing else but war talked of in Winchester," continued Stella. She knew that Agatha was suffering and exulted over it. Is there anything in the world so relentlessly cruel as a jealous, thwarted woman? "The men all look very, very grave. In a few days there will not be many left in Winchester." She drew herself up, and the red color flamed on her cheek. "I wish I had a father, a brother, to fight for the South."



Granny Ann.

The girl from the North looked at her with a sort of wonder.

"Why do you wish for suffering?" she asked.

"Suffering!" cried Stella. "We Southern women do not think of that. We give all for the South and do not count the cost."

Agatha was silent, her head drooped, color and brightness were gone from her face. Stella, as she looked from Agatha at the grave, changed face of Roland Sutherland, thought of the prophecy of the old negress, Granny Ann. The dark cloud of war had come and, already, its shadow had fallen across the fair lives of Roland Sutherland and his beautiful Northern wife.

"I was sure you would like to know immediately of this call to arms, Roland," she said. "That is why I came to tell you."

Under the grave, steady look he bent upon her, she flushed, and her eyes wavered and fell. He bowed.

"Thank you," he said.

Stella turned to go, and neither Roland or Agatha tried to keep her.

"Agatha!"

She lifted her eyes to his face and the pain in them caused him to wince.

"Don't say anything here—among the roses," she pleaded. "Let us go into the house."

As he took the shears from her, he saw her lacerated hand and the blood stains on her gown.

"You have hurt yourself!" he exclaimed, with concern.

She looked down mechanically, and a wan smile passed over her lips. The rose dropped from her hand to the ground.

"I did not know," she murmured.

They walked toward the house in silence. Roland led the way to the library. He dropped the basket, half filled with roses, on a chair and took his wife in his arms.

"My wife, my darling, you will be brave!" he whispered.

"You mean that you are going away to join the Southern troops?" she questioned, with pale lips, lifting her arms to his neck.

"Yes," he replied.

She uttered a low cry of pain, clinging to him convulsively.

"How shall I bear it?" she moaned. "God help me!"

"Agatha!"

She lifted woe-filled eyes to his face.

"Roland, my husband, if you love me, do not leave me!"

"You know I love you. I love you better than my life, better than anything in all the wide world, better than all else save—honor." He paused, then added softly, "'I could not love thee, dear, so well, loved I not honor more.'"

She shook her head drearily.

"I cannot be strong and brave," she declared. "I love you too well. I have only been your wife a month. One short month of happiness and now——"

She buried her face on his breast with a sob that was tearless. He pressed his lips to her hair, he murmured fond and tender words, but he knew that he was powerless to comfort her. And he was suffering as greatly as she.

After a few moments, she lifted her pale, beautiful face and looked at him with an eager light in her eyes, her breath quickening.

"There is a way so that we need not be parted," she said. "Come with me to the North."

"Go to the North to avoid joining the Southern army? Is that what you mean?" he asked very gravely.

"Yes. We love each other so dearly. Nothing else matters. Parting is more cruel than death. Roland, my husband, pity me! Don't leave me!"

He smiled very sadly.

"Agatha, my wife, you do not mean what you say. You, of all people in the world, are the last who would wish me to be guilty of a dishonorable action, to prove myself the most despicable of cowards." He spoke with great gentleness, but with unmistakable firmness. "I am a Southerner. Duty, honor, and manhood bid me take up arms in defense of the South. I love you, God alone knows how dearly. But I would never know again a peaceful moment if I were to forswear duty and honor. There could be no happiness for us if I did as you suggest, for there can be no happiness built upon the ruins of honor. You are suffering now, but believe me, you would suffer more if I yielded to your wish."

"Have you forgotten that it is my country, my people against which you array yourself? My father, in all probability, and if this war continues long enough, the young brother who is so dear to me? Oh, you must have forgotten!"

"No, I have not forgotten," he replied, his face clouding with pain. "A civil war is the most cruel all wars, for father is arrayed against son, brother against brother." He led her to the window. "Look! Could a man fight, give his life —if need be—for a fairer country?" he asked, and in his eyes was a tenderness, as soft, as gentle, as that of a mother for her little child."

"Nothing justifies war!" she answered passionately. "It is cruel, brutal, inhuman! It changes men into wild beasts, thirsting for the lives of their fellowman. It demonstrates more forcibly than anything else in the world the inhumanity of man to man. God has said, 'Thou shalt not kill,' but in the face of His edict, men slaughter each other, blacken their souls with wholesale murder. And the agony and the tears of widows and orphans cry to Heaven for vengeance."

Her husband looked at her wonderingly. She held her head high, her cheeks were vividly colored, her eyes brilliant.

"I did not know you felt as strongly as that," he remarked, after a moment.

The light went suddenly from her eyes, the color died from her cheeks, her head sank wearily against his shoulder. They were silent while the soft breeze brought to them the perfume of countless roses. Agatha shivered.

"How shall I endure the beauty and fragrance of the roses when you are no longer with me?" she murmured. "There will be no beauty nor sweetness in anything then. If I were sure you would come back to me—" she stopped, trembling.

He drew her close to him, but he did not speak, for there was nothing he could say to reassure her.

She was dry-eyed, very quiet, and very pale when the hour of parting came a few days later. They stood together at the door leading out upon the portico. He wore the gray uniform of the South. At the foot of the steps a half-grown colored boy was holding a beautiful chestnut mare. Upon a settle beside the fireplace crouched Mammy, her apron over her head, rocking herself to and fro and moaning. Lona, her child, and the house servants stood back in the hall.

Roland Sutherland took his beautiful, pale wife in his arms.

"God bless and keep you, my beloved!" he whispered unsteadily.

"My husband, I shall pray day and night for your safety, that God will some day send you back to me," she murmured.

He pressed a last kiss upon her lips, put her gently from him, and passed out. She stood watching him as he mounted his horse. He looked toward her as he rode away, lifting his cap.

The octoroon's child broke away from her, ran to the door, and stretched out his arms toward Roland.

"Massa! massa!" he cried, breaking into sobs.

Agatha, her eyes fixed upon the gray-clad horseman riding down the wide avenue, under the flickering shadows cast by the great trees, took no notice of the boy whose childish sobs mingled with the moans of the old negro woman.

Lona glided forward and lifted the boy in her arms, and, as she turned away, her dark, lustrous eyes gave one glance after the master of Roselands. She returned to the negroes, spoke to them in a low voice, and they quietly dispersed. She followed, the child clinging about her neck and sobbing.

The beautiful chestnut mare, with her gray-clad rider, had diappeared, but Agatha still stood gazing with unseeing eyes out into the golden sunlight and the rioting loveliness of the flowers.

Mammy sat up, removed her apron from her head and face, and looked drearily about her, then slowly arose and went to the door where Agatha stood.

"My chile am done gone?" she said, the tears falling down her dusky cheeks.

Agatha turned and looked at her.

"Yes, he has gone."

"Honey, why don't you cry and git some ob de sorfulness outen yo' eyes?" exclaimed Mammy.

Agatha shook her head with a smile sadder than tears.

"I—can't," she replied.

Stella Levering was seated upon the stile awaiting the coming of Roland Sutherland. Her cheeks were burning and her eyes were shining. She had been waiting for some time. When, at length, she saw him coming, she arose, descended from the stile, and stood waiting.

Roland Sutherland lifted his cap when he saw Stella standing beside the stile. The girl's eyes lighted passionately with admiring appreciation of his good looks, for the gray uniform became him well. The chestnut mare whinnied softly when she saw Stella. The girl moved forward and laid her cheek against the mare's glossy head.

"You are going away to the war, you beautiful darling," she said softly. "I wish I were a man and were going, too. It's weariness of spirit to be a woman. If I were a man, I could fight and die for the South." She drew back and looked up at Roland. "I have been waiting here to bid you good-by, Roland, and to wish you Godspeed."

She held out her hand to him. He bent from his saddle and took it in his.

"Thank you," he said gravely. "Good-by."

She stood watching him as he rode away, her breath coming quickly, a tumult of passionate feeling in her dark eyes.

"I love you—God alone knows how much!" she cried aloud. "But I think I would rather you met death on the battlefield than have you return to her, to be happy in her love!"

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

His License.

"Say," said the man who takes himself seriously, "I had a great surprise thrust upon me when I went down to get my marriage license last month. When I think it over I am ready to assert that it was a disagreeable surprise.

"I sneaked into the big office under the impression that everybody was watching me. But when I told the clerk at the window what I wanted he took the information with a coolness that was almost disgusting. When I gave him my name —which seemed to me to reverberate like thunder—not a solitary clerk raised his head. And nobody laughed when the inquisitor asked me how I spelled it.

When I gave the lady's name and fancied everybody would titter, the only sound I could hear was the turning of record leaves and the muddled clicking of a distant typewriter.

"Why, they couldn't have treated me with more indifference if I had been buying marriage licenses twice a day for ten years!

"I went into that office feeling shamed and sensitive and sneaking.

"I came out hurt, humiliated, humbled.

"I had expected to be ridiculed—I was ignored."

* * *

He Loved the Cat.

A prison missionary was insisting to one of the guards that there is some good in everybody. To prove it she sought out the prison demon and found him stroking a huge tomcat.

"There," said the woman, "a man who will pet a cat certainly has some love in his heart."

The guard sneered.

"Do you love that cat?" the woman asked the demon.

"Yes," he replied, still stroking the animal, "you bet I do; anybody who hurts that cat will do it over my dead body—he bit the warden this morning."

A Duel of Detectives

Or, The Conflict in Clews

By Lloyd Thacher

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CHAPTER X.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

AT HALF-PAST eleven that same night, Dick Dyke entered the saloon which he had mentioned to Vernon Silver during their talk in the garage at Colonel Jordan's home. He had talked to Silver at that time, knowing that, in all probability, they would be overheard by the man whom the Colonel had just hired, and who had followed Dyke from New York. Moreover, Dick was sure that what he had said would be communicated to Gibbons, and, now that Slim was locked up, with instructions given the police to allow him to communicate with no one, Giddons himself would have to be present in order to obtain any information which, he must have been told, Dick would communicate to some one in the back room of the saloon.

Dick knew that Giddons had no idea what the trouble was that threatened Eleanor Bland, so it mattered little what sort of information he allowed the man to overhear. Ralph would not see through the deception. It was possible, but almost out of the question, that Giddons would be there to protect the girl from the results of any plan against her that he thought Dick was unfolding. If that, by any chance, should be the object of Ralph's watching—if the man's intentions were good—no harm would be done by the plan Dick had in mind. If, as the detective thought, Giddons was trying merely to gain a hold over Eleanor for his own selfish purposes, Dyke felt sure that he would be able to eliminate the millionaire from the scene for good.

There were about a dozen people in the saloon when Dick entered, and he glanced about him to select one that would answer his purpose. A young man, keen-eyed, but very shabby, attracted his attention. Dick drew him aside.

"Would you care to make five dollars for a few minutes of your time?" he asked.

"If it's fairly straight business, I'd work a good while for that," was the reply.

"Straight as a string," returned Dick. "You won't have to do anything but listen to my talk for perhaps ten minutes. Then leave me when I clinch my fist like this," and he went through the performance for the benefit of the wondering person.

"You're on," agreed the other. "Say when."

"Remember," repeated Dick, as he led the way into the back room, which was empty, "you are to say nothing, no matter what happens, and stick to me till I clinch my fist. Then get out."

They seated themselves at a table one removed from that which occupied the corner of the room, and gave their orders to the waiter who had followed them. During the absence of the man the door to the street opened, and there entered a big man, roughly dressed, and wearing a heavy black beard.

The newcomer glanced at the pair near the corner, then took a seat at the table that stood there, facing Dick. From the returning waiter he ordered a glass of beer in a gruff voice.

Dick leaned forward and spoke as though continuing a conversation that had been interrupted by the entrance of the waiter and the depositing of glasses in front of them.

"Yes," he said, speaking in a stage whisper that the man in the corner could not help but hear, "I like the girl, and think that I have everything fixed so that she won't get in any trouble. At a few minutes after twelve I'm going to meet a man and pass him a bit of money. If he does as he has promised, the girl can go about her business without any worry."

The big man in the corner did not move. He seemed to be looking down into his glass of beer, but Dyke had seen his hands clinched beneath the table, and he knew that this news was not welcome. "Can there be a man so cruel as to be sorry to have an anxiety removed from the life of Eleanor?" was the question he asked himself. Then he continued. "I've told you all the rest of it. Here's five dollars for expenses till I see you again. You might just as well be going now." Dick took a bill from his pocket and handed it to his companion, and in so doing clinched his fist as agreed. The man accepted the money thankfully, and with a look of gratitude in his eyes, rose and left the place.

For a moment Dick sat motionless, then he also rose and opened the door to the street. The storm had ceased, but the night was dark. He closed the door behind him and moved a little distance away.

"Now to find out," was his thought, "just how far the man will go."

Slowly he crossed to the other side of the street, walking diagonally and keeping the back door of the saloon in sight. Presently it opened, and Dyke had a momentary glimpse of the big, bearded man, as the latter came from the light and let the door shut behind him.

Dick now walked more rapidly until he came to a black doorway leading into an open hall. He had been walking close to the houses, and now as he darted into this doorway he saw the big form of a man pass by, stop, turn, and then come slowly back.

Quick as a flash Dick's hand went out, caught the beard of the big man, and pulled it from his face. At the same instant he flashed the light of an electric searchlight into the face of Ralph Giddons.

"Come in here, Giddons," said Dick, very low. "You don't want to be seen in that rig."

Trembling with anger, the man raised his fist, clinched tight for the blow he was about to strike. Dick's right hand caught the wrist and his wiry fingers tightened. He spoke again, his voice low and even, but carrying a tone not to be misunderstood.

"No, Giddons," he said. "You are not in good condition and I happen to be. I could whip you. We are of about the same size. But further than that," and the arm of Giddons was lowered gradually under the powerful pressure of the detective, and under the more impelling influence of his words, "you don't want to get into a street brawl. How would it look in the papers—Ralph Giddons, millionaire, in a street fight?"

"You impertinent sneak!" muttered Giddons.

"I'll pass that," continued Dick, in his calm voice. "You haven't done anything as yet that is very bad, and you are not a man who spends his time doing criminal things—you don't haye to. But you certainly have lost your head in this matter, and it's lucky for you that I have the patience to set you straight."

"Mind your own business!" growled the other.

"I can't see," Dick went on, "how you forgot yourself far enough to appear on the street in a false beard. I suppose it was because you couldn't get hold of Slim. He's in jail."

Giddons started at this, recovered himself, and replied sullenly.

"I don't know whom you are talking about," he said.

"Pass that, also. I'm tired," returned Dick, as calmly as ever. "I happen to know just what you have done, and how far you have gone. Other than a little inconvenience to an English gentleman, no harm has been done, and I'm going to see to it that none will be done. But listen to me." Dick leaned forward and his manner underwent a complete change. "The welfare of the girl on whom you have dared to set your covetous eyes means everything to me. You are going to keep out of her life from this minute, or else everything that you have stooped to do—the hiring of Slim and others—the sending a man out to Colonel Jordan's to spy upon me, and all the rest of it, will become known to the world, and the much praised and feted Ralph Giddons will be glad—yes, glad to find a safe place behind prison bars of Blackwell's Island."

Dick could feel the wrist he still held tremble in his grasp.

"I am going to give you this chance," he went on, "to get away from the criminal stuff you have begun. I'll keep my mouth shut if you will keep away from that girl. As to Slim, I don't know or care what he has done except to obey your orders, and I don't believe in letting the man higher up get off and holding the poor tool. Now take your choice. It's up to you."

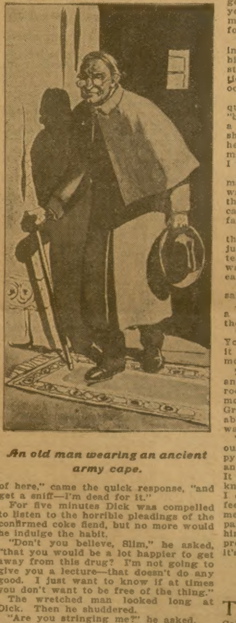
It was silent in the dark hall except for the heavy breathing of the trapped man. It was too much to ask him to speak at that moment, and Dick dropped the wrist, hoping in his heart that he would turn and leave him forever. He was a disgusting sight, even in the dimness of the forlorn hall.

And for a second a man's future hung in the balance. Ralph Giddons had never been what is commonly called a bad man. He had been near the brink, and a less discerning person than Dick Dyke would have acted in such a manner in the present situation that the man would have gone from bad to worse, and his career would have ended in disgrace. That he did not get the punishment for his evil thoughts and plans that he deserved, is true. But it is also true that the infinite tact and knowledge of men of this young detective from the country did much toward saving a man from moral ruin. Ralph Giddons trembled, hesitated, then turned and passed from the lives of those we have met in this tale forever.

To the police station where Slim was confined hurried the detective. Here he saw the thin-faced man, the effects of his last dose of cocaine completely gone, and Slim a wreck.

"Well," said Dick, when he was with him in the corridor just outside the cell, "your employer has given up. What are you going to do?"

"Kill somebody as soon as I get out of here," came the quick response, "and get a sniff—I'm dead for it."



An old man wearing an ancient army cape.

For five minutes Dick was compelled to listen to the horrible pleadings of the confirmed coke fiend, but no more would he indulge the habit.

"Don't you believe, Slim," he asked, "that you would be a lot happier to get away from this drug? I'm not going to give you a lecture—that doesn't do any good. I just want to know if at times you don't want to be free of the thing."

The wretched man looked long at Dick. Then he shuddered.

"Are you stringing me?" he asked.

"Far from it," responded the other. "I want to know if you could imagine yourself going straight again."

"Say," and Slim spoke low, "do you know that I was as straight as a string till he came along and told me what he wanted? I was broke and crazy for the dope. I saw a chance—and besides he's got——"

"He's got something on you, I know," interrupted Dick. "I don't know what it is and I don't care. If I let you out of this, will you do your best to follow my plan for a few months?"

"If you'll get me some dope now, quick," cried the other, his eyes glistening in eagerness.

"I'll put you in a doctor's care for a while," returned Dick, "and of course he'll have to give you something to break you of the habit. You're a loyal sort, I believe, and if you say you will stick to me, I believe that you will."

"And perhaps, after a while," muttered Slim, his eyes far away, "I—I could go back home."

"It's a bargain," exclaimed Dick. "Out you go. I'm not in the habit of treating boys that I run down in crime just like this, but I don't mind telling you, Slim, that this is the most wonderful case I've ever had, and things are going to be lovely with everybody if I have my way. I want every one to be as happy as I am."

There was another silence; then Slim's hand shot out, his fingers trembling.

"Say," he said, "there's something about you tonight that just gets me. I'm with you for keeps."

Dick talked a while with the sergeant at the desk, and, as he was the only person who had complained against the man, and as Dick was pretty well known in police circles, he had no difficulty in obtaining his immediate release.

The drive to a private hospital, run by a friend of the detective, was short, and before an hour had passed Slim was under the care of a skilled physician.

"And after a little, Slim," said Dick, "it will be the green country for yours. Then home."

It must be confessed that Dyke laughed a bit at himself for the part of good Samaritan he was playing, but after years brought a satisfaction for this morning's work that paid him many fold.

It was after two o'clock in the morning when the detective finally reached his home. Here he sat in his library straightening out to his own satisfaction the devious matters that had so occupied his mind during the last hours.

"There are some things that I do not quite understand," he said half aloud, "but if I have made up my mind to trust a person with my future happiness if she will have me, I guess I can rely on her word to make things straight in a matter like this. And it is my life that I would stake on her honesty."

This was the thought that the young man carried with him to bed, and this was his last conscious thought before the sleep which he needed so badly came to him. There was a smile on his face as he slept.

From a dream that had not changed that smile, Dick Dyke was awakened just after dawn by the ringing of the telephone at the head of his bed. He was up in a second, the receiver at his ear.

"Yes, Colonel Jordan, this is Dick," he said. "What is the trouble?"

A moment while Dick listened. Then a smile came to his face once more—the smile of his dreams.

"No," he said, "I am not surprised. You want me out there to find out how it happened? All right, I'll come this morning."

The receiver was in its place again, and Dick walked slowly to the bathroom, turned on the cold water for his morning plunge, then turned to face old Grant, who, having heard Dick moving about, had come quickly to see if he was needed.

"Grant," remarked Dick slowly, seriously, but with the suggestion of a happy twinkle in his eye, "we didn't make any mistake. We didn't trust in vain. It will be rather good fun. You don't know what I'm talking about, Grant, but I don't mind confessing to you that I feel pretty good. Colonel Jordan tells me I needn't bother about the missing paper-weight any more, except to tell him where it has been. For it's in its proper place this fine morning, Grant—it's found."

CHAPTER XI.

A HAPPY SURPRISE.

TWOMBLY TOWNE and his passenger, Mrs. Jenkins, arrived safely at Colonel Jordan's home, the old lady none the worse for the long trip. She went at once to her room, where her husband, the old servant, spent many minutes after her arrival.

The Colonel and Silver were eager listeners as Twombly told them of his experiences in New York. They noted, also, that the attitude of the Englishman had changed considerably. He had lost much of his confidence, and was loud in praise of the cleverness of Dick Dyke.

"But of course," he said, as he was ending his narration, "I was working in an absolutely unknown field. Really, your American criminals do the most remarkable things."

"And how is Dick getting on with the case?" asked the Colonel.

"It is my opinion," returned Towne, "that he has known who committed the theft for some time. He seems to be waiting for something to happen which he feels sure will happen."

"Dick is unlike any detective that I ever knew or heard of," replied Silver. "And there is something about the way he is handling this case that is different from his usual manner of procedure."

"I hope," mused Towne, turning to Silver, "that you have the opportunity of again seeing Miss Bland before long. If I were a young chap like you, I would start right out to win her."

"What," cried Colonel Jordan, "and she the thief according to your ideas?"

"I don't believe that I should care what she had done," the Englishman went on. "'Whatever she has been guilty of is capable of explanation, I am certain."

"How are the mighty fallen!" murmured the old Colonel.

The evening was far advanced. Silver and the Colonel had put in a strenuous day. The village had been searched for the men whom Vernon had met on the road, and hours had been spent with Jenkins in a vain attempt to get information from him. So they were pretty well used up by the time that the Colonel suggested that they all turn in.

"I'll break my rule and have my coffee a bit early," he said, as he called Jenkins and gave his order. The old servant seemed unusually happy as he shuffled off to prepare his master's nightly drink.

By midnight the big house was quiet. No storm disturbed the sleepers, and Towne's report of Dick's apparent confidence did much to make their slumber peaceful.

But with the first streaks of dawn Colonel Jordan woke. A strange restlessness took possession of him, and he dressed quickly. He was not a nervous man, and smiled a bit at himself for submitting to the feeling that had taken possession of him.

Down the stairs of the silent house he passed. On the first landing he stopped, gazed a moment over the beautiful country that surrounded his possessions which stretched out beyond the window, then walked on, conscious of a wonderful sensation of peace with all the world.

"What does anything mattter," he mused, "as long as I have my health? There is something queer about this robbery. Cannot I forget the anger I have felt for the thief, and remember only how much worse off than I am so many people are?"

He opened the door of the library, and, as from instinct and habit, moved to the big table. Everything was in its place as it had been the night before.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I don't see the big hole that the loss of the paper-weight seemed to make."

Then, suddenly, he bent forward, first a puzzled expression, then a happy smile lighting his features.

Quickly he crossed the floor to the hall, and, in a voice remarkably strong and penetrating, gave a great shout.

"Wake up, everybody!" he cried. "The wonderful has happened. My beloved paper-weight is back in its place."

Back into the room and to the table he fairly darted. The beautifully carved, shimmering article that had been missing was raised from its place on the table, and the Colonel feasted his eyes on the almost speaking thing of gold.

Thus he was standing when Vernon Silver entered the room a few minutes later. Nor had he moved when Twombly Towne sauntered in. Then came Jenkins, all smiles.

"Now," said the Colonel, "we will forget all about the foolishness of the past hours. And I shall never allow myself to set such childish store by any inanimate thing again."

He removed the receiver of the telephone, called Dick, and was soon speaking to him over the wire.

"Yes, it is back," he was saying, "and I feel that I have been a fool to make such a fuss over it. I could have had another made exactly like it. But, Dick, to tell you the truth, I would like to have you come out here and tell me what you can of the affair."

A long silence, while the smile of content grew on the old man's face.

"Yes, Dick," he said presently, "I have been full of a great content this morning just as you say you have. You tell me that you have been playing Don Quixote a bit? Well, I feel like doing that myself, for no apparent reason. Yes, yes, I'll be glad to do anything in that line that you ask me. Come on out as fast as you can and clear things up. Then we'll forget and see what plans you have made that you are so mysterious about."

He hung up the receiver and turned to the others.

"Now for a hearty breakfast that I know Jenkins will get us in a hurry," he said, "and then we'll all go out—all except Jenkins, who doesn't indulge—and have a round of golf to pass the time till the wonderful Dyke arrives to tell us his story. I wager that it will be interesting."

This was the program they carried out. Twombly Towne won the match at golf, and returned in a very good humor, fully able to do justice to the luncheon that Jenkins, assisted by his wife, had prepared. It was not until shortly after their meal, when the three men were gathered in the library once more, that impatience and eagerness to hear the explanation of the mystery manifested itself.

"Dick is unusually slow today," remarked the Colonel, as he walked up and down the floor of the big room.

"Believe me, this is an unusual case—at least for me."

The Colonel halted in his walk and turned to face Dick, who had entered silently, a happy smile on his face.

"Hooray!" cried the old man. "Sit right down and go to it, Dick. We're crazy to hear what you have to tell us."

"Colonel," replied Dyke, "did you ever know me to show up for an explanation of a mystery and not be prepared to satisfy you in every detail?"

"Never, my boy," replied Colonel Jordan.

"Then you are in for a new experience," returned Dick.

"You don't mean to say that you are going to disappoint us," exclaimed the old man, his face the picture of dejection.

"I don't know how that paper-weight came to be put back where it belongs," the young detective answered.

"Dick!" was all that the Colonel could say.

"But I did know," continued the other, "that it would be returned. I have known that for some time—almost as long as I have known who the person who took it away was."

Wonder possessed the faces of Dyke's hearers as he continued.

"First let's talk to Jenkins," he said, taking a seat beside the Colonel.

The old servant was called, and as he entered the room there was no sign of anxiety on his face.

"You're all right now, Jenkins," began Dick. "Your wife is back, and there is no sin on your conscience. This is the first time that I have had a chance to talk to you about the affair, and you are going to tell me a few things that the other gentlemen and I want to know."

"I do feel pretty happy, sir," said Jenkins.

"Is it because your wife feels more relieved than she has for a long time?" asked Dick.

"Yes, yes, sir!"

"She has disappeared many times, and no one has found it out until this last occasion?" Dick went on, "and each time has she come back disappointed?"

"She had fits of being out of her head, sir," the old man replied earnestly, "and made me give my solemn word years ago that I would never tell. I felt—I knew—that unless I left her alone she would do something desperate. I did go after her once, and it took months for her to get her reason back. The fear that I would do it again has never left her—and she always came back safe, sir."

"And this time she is contented. She accomplished something?"

"She found her brother, sir—and the knowing that he was in New York, and fearing that she would never see him again before he or she died, was what unsettled her mind. She is very fond of him."

"That is all, Jenkins," cried Dyke, showing more enthusiasm than the Colonel or Silver had ever seen him display. "Oh," he added, "of course," and Dick turned to the others, "I had an idea of this possibility, but it is plain to all of you now."

"What is plain?" cried Colonel Jordan.

"That Mrs. Jenkins gave the paper-weight to Jenkins to put back where it belonged."

"Mrs. Jenkins the thief!" came the exclamation.

"Not so fast," laughed Dick. Then, to the old man, "I am right, Jenkins?"

The old man was trembling violently. "Oh, sir," he cried, "I—she didn't steal it!"

"But she gave it to you to put back?" urged Dick. "Don't be frightened. Everything is all right."

"Yes—yes, sir. She gave it to me when she came back with Mr. Towne. I replaced it before dawn this morning. But she wouldn't tell me where she got it."

"Never mind about that," replied Dick. "You may go back to her and tell her that her worries are over—at least I hope Colonel Jordan will help me arrange that."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Colonel. "I'll do anything you say, you wizard."

Jenkins, like the well-trained servant that he was, left the room, a prey to mingled emotions which his old face did not disclose.

"Where did she get the thing? Tell me that," cried the Colonel excitedly.

"Please, Colonel," returned Dyke, "let me have my little fun out of this. Let me get to things in my own way."

"Exasperating!" muttered Dick's friend.

"Now, let me see that drawing that you made of the figures you saw in the storm," continued Dyke. "I must compliment you on your keen observation and memory—the lines are nearly perfect. It was this drawing that practically told me everything."

Twombly Towne sat forward in his chair. It was from these few lines that he, too, had made his deductions, and he was anxious to find out wherein his mind had worked differently from that of Dick Dyke.

The young detective held the bit of paper in plain sight of all as he went on. "Did you ever see a woman—a young, energetic woman—walk in such a way, especially when she was beating against a storm, that neither her head nor arms could be seen from a rear view?"

There was silence in the room, as the men tried to recall their experience along this line.

"Never mind answering," Dick went on. "I don't believe that you ever did. Well, you see there is no head nor arms to the outlined figure. That, to my mind, cast a doubt on the theory that the girl was the person the Colonel had seen. And I believe that when you made your test with Colonel Jordan, you were not quite satisfied that the outlines were correct—or rather, the Colonel said that the outlines of your body when you stood out there wearing a woman's gown, were almost like what he had seen."

The Englishman nodded.

"Nor were the outlines like the picture when you wore a rain coat, dressed as a man," Dick went on.

"Less like it than before," replied Colonel Jordan.

"It occurred to me then," continued Dick, "that an old man leaning on a cane, might not show his arms from behind at all if he had both hands on the head of his stick. But the garment troubled me. The flaring at about the height of the knees was like neither a dress nor an overcoat. I can easily imagine an old head bent so far forward habitually, that the head, also, would be hidden by the body. I rather fancied that an old man had been out there in the storm, wearing a peculiar garment."

"Jenkins," muttered Vernon Silver. "Perhaps looking for the men I met on the road."

"Vernon, I'm surprised at you," reproved Dick. "What have we said about jumping at conclusions? However, I am glad that you mentioned him, for there is that little matter to clear up—the mentioning of his name by the men who attacked you. It seems so clear to me, that it is hardly worth while to spend time over it. But we'd better call him."

Jenkins re-entered in response to the summons, and faced Dick once more.

"Tell us, Jenkins," said the detective, "just how you felt that time Mr. Silver found you praying here on the floor by the table, and tell us why you felt the way you did. You had been thinking of leaving Colonel Jordan, he tells me."

"It's awful, Colonel Jordan," cried the servant, "but I thought, with my wife's illness and our old age, that you would not be able to stand us much longer. I had little saved up, and didn't know what I should do. Then those men who had heard about the valuable collection, tempted me. I——"

"Go on, old friend," soothed the Colonel.

"I promised that I would meet them and give them the things. They were to sell them and give me half. It would be thousands, that I knew. But the very evening I was to do it, you talked so beautifully to me—told me that you would keep me, and I felt sure that you would never let us want for anything."

There were tears in the Colonel's eyes as the old man finished.

"And," Jenkins was barely whispering now, "and I decided that I could not treat you so—I must have been mad to think of such a thing. When Mr. Silver found me I was praying—praying in thankfulness that I had been strong enough to resist those men."

He opened the door, overcome, and there was silence in the room for a moment before Dick resumed.

"There is a whole lot of heart in this case," he said, in a low voice.

"And you haven't told us yet who the thief was," reproved the Colonel, glad to change a painful subject.

"Nor have you told us why Miss Bland was out there on the road in an automobile that morning," interposed Towne.

"The thief," continued Dick, "was Miss Bland's passenger. He was in the tonneau when she had her mishap on the road. The gravel of the driveway out in front is different from any soil in this part of the country. There was none of it on the floor of the car in front of the driver's seat where she sat, and there was plenty of the mud from the road there. She left that, and the person whom the Colonel saw left the other."

"Then she was guilty, after all," whispered Twombly Towne.

"As you look at it," returned Dick, with a frown. "If you call it guilty to know of a crime, return the stolen or borrowed article, and protect one you love."

Dick was standing by the door now, and, turning to the Colonel, he asked his next question.

"Colonel Jordan," he said seriously, "cannot you see how foolish it was to suppose that a thief, looting for profit, would calmly walk away with one valuable article and leave others, smaller ones but just as valuable, untouched? All your windows are left unfastened at night—you prided yourself on securing those valuables by treating them as though they were worthless things. You, yourself, with your love for the unique collection, would have gone almost as far as did the man who took that paper-weight. It was an obsession with him to have in his hands again the most wonderful thing he had ever made. Remember your own love for the work of genius, and look leniently on an old man who wanted to see again—to gloat over—his masterpiece."

Dick stepped into the hall and disappeared. Then, into the presence of the expectant men in the library, came an old man, leaning on a cane, wearing an ancient army cape. And just behind him, hesitating, but with the proud dignity of a little princess, moved a sweetly beautiful girl.

"Colonel Jordan, and gentlemen," said Dick, quietly, "I want to have you know Miss Eleanor Bland and her father, Cyrus Bland."

CHAPTER XI.

THE old man in the army cape did not wait for Colonel Jordan to speak. With a dignity that well fitted the father of a girl of the type of Eleanor, he crossed the floor, leaning heavily on his cane.

"Colonel Jordan," he said, "I shall not look for leniency as this young man has begged me to do. What I did was absolutely unpardonable. Why I did not come to you, as one gentleman to another, and ask you to allow me to borrow the work of art for a short time, I cannot say. Possibly my action was caused by a temporary mental trouble—such a thing has occurred in our family before, though no one ever became insane. I shall not ask you to pardon me. I shall merely state that I had no intention of keeping your property."

Colonel Jordan looked long at the other. Then, with almost the impulse of a boy, he held out his hand.

"I think I realize something of how you felt," he said. "I myself allowed my infatuation for the thing I had conceived and which you have so skillfully executed, to carry me away. It is in my possession again, and to tell you to forget the unpleasantness is merely to act as I have felt ever since early this morning before I discovered that the thing had been returned."

"I shall add," returned Cyrus Bland, "that when my daughter begged me to give her the weight and allow her to see that it was returned, I was glad to do so—especially as it was the occasion of my reunion with a sister whom I had not seen for many years."

"Mrs. Jenkins," interposed Dick. "But let us hear what Miss Bland has to say about this."

With a glance of confidence toward Dick, the girl spoke. No one in the room was able to resist the compelling attraction that her face, her manner, her very atmosphere roused.

"Mr. Dyke has asked me to tell everything," she began, "and has assured me that my audience would be a friendly one."

A unanimous murmur of approbation could be heard as she continued.

"Ever since my father made the article for Colonel Jordan," she went on, "his mind has been filled with it. This may seem strange to you who do not understand that my father's art was his life, especially in late years. I would find him dreaming over a bit of metal that he had made and carved upon in a vain endeavor to reproduce some of the lines he had worked upon the gold paper-weight."

"It hung at the head of his bed," said Dick.

"Then I would find him looking up the

BEAUTY DOCTOR TELLS SECRET

Detroit Beauty Doctor Gives Simple Recipe to Darken Gray Hair and Promote Its Growth.

Miss Alice Whitney, a well-known beauty doctor of Detroit, Mich., recently gave out the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, that will darken gray hair, promote its growth and make it soft and glossy. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of the hair, relieve itching and scalp disease, and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."

HOW TO HEAL SKIN-DISEASES

A Baltimore doctor suggests this simple, but reliable and inexpensive, home treatment for people suffering with eczema, ringworm, rashes and similar itching, burning skin troubles.

At any reliable druggist's get a jar of resinol ointment and a cake of resinol soap. These will not cost a bit more than seventy-five cents. With the resinol soap and warm water bathe the affected parts thoroughly, until they are free from crusts and the skin is softened. Dry very gently, spread on a thin layer of the resinol ointment, and cover with a light bandage—if necessary to protect the clothing. This should be done twice a day. Usually the distressing itching and burning stop with the first treatment, and the skin soon becomes clear and healthy again.

history of Colonel Jordan," the girl continued. "And one day I found a map of New Jersey, on which were marked the larger residences and the roads leading to them."

"An obsession," murmured Colonel Jordan.

"And then came the night when he disappeared," said Eleanor, shuddering at the recollection. "He had never been away from me before, but when I returned from an errand one stormy night, he was not there in the room. His cape was gone and an old felt hat."

"I hate to interrupt, Miss Bland," said Dick, softly, "but I want to tell these gentlemen that I saw the wet cape and the hat and the cane on my first visit to you."

"I do not mind your interruptions, Mr. Dyke," said the girl, and it was not difficult to believe her when one caught the glance she gave the young man.

"The metal piece that usually hung on the wall was lying on the table," continued Eleanor. "I knew that he had been longing for another sight of what he considered his masterpiece. All his strange actions of the past few weeks came back to me, and his close study of everything connected with Colonel Jordan. I made up my mind that he had gone to see that gentleman, and—yes, I feared for his mind—I feared what he might do."

"She had a right to be afraid," came from her father's lips.

"Innumerable little things that I shall not take the time to bore you with, were recalled," the girl went on. "I looked up trains to the town in New Jersey near which Colonel Jordan lived. There were no more trains that night. The next left after the theater—about one o'clock in the morning."

Here she hesitated and shot another glance at Dick. Then she continued bravely.

"I don't look very impulsive or strong," she said blushing, "but sometimes my—my heart gets the better of me. I could not stand the idea of doing nothing. I called up an—an acquaintance who had been very kind to me, and who had offered to let me drive one of his cars at any time. He sent a note to me with an order to the proprietor of his garage to let me have any car I wanted. I started out in the storm, intending, late as it would be, to stop at Colonel Jordan's and get my father if he were there."

A friendly audience? Had she been a vain girl her head would have been turned by the unconscious admiration with which she was surrounded.

"I lost my way, and it was long after midnight when I reached the neighborhood of Colonel Jordan's residence," she went on slowly. "I had gone past the place in the darkness, realized my mistake, with the map to aid me, and had come back when a flash of lightning showed me my father coming down the drive from the house. He was leaning on his cane more heavily than usual, and as I spoke to him, having stopped my car, I saw at once that he was not himself."

"Poor girl," murmured Colonel Jordan.

"I was beside myself, but succeeded in getting him into the tonneau of the machine and covering him up with a robe to protect him from the storm. Then I started on, determined to wait until he could give me some account of his visit before taking any action. Of course, I had no idea that he had—had taken anything from the house."

Twombly Towne was leaning forward, his face a study.

"It was shortly after this that my motor gave out. I was delayed a long time, till Mr. Towne came along and helped me. I didn't want to have him see who I was, for I was all at sea. He was gentleman enough not to turn the light on my face."

"But I thought I would know her voice again," muttered the Englishman.

"I came on to New York, making quick time," she resumed. "First I stopped at our house and took my father in. He went to sleep immediately. Then I returned the car to the garage, and there it was that I saw Mr. Dyke for the first time."

Her long look at the young man threatened to interrupt the telling of her story. They seemed rather to enjoy looking at each other.

"The next day, early in the morning, we received a caller. It was my father's sister, whom he had not seen for many years, and of whom he had lost track. When she told of her loss of fortune and present menial position, my father's wits seemed suddenly to return to him. He dashed—fairly dashed—from the room and returned with the beautiful paper-weight. Then it was that he confessed what he had done. He seemed to have forgotten his actions of the night before, but his sister's mention of Colonel Jordan and his goodness to herself and her husband, roused father's spirit. We told her the whole story. She promised to replace the weight on Colonel Jordan's table, advising that we say nothing more about it. I, however, was determined that father should go to you, sir, when he was quite well again, and explain. To this he agreed. And it was a little while after Mrs. Jenkins had left that Mr. Dyke appeared upon the scene. I hope you all will understand why, in the terribly overwrought condition that I was, I refrained from telling him all about it."

She stepped back, and only the heavy breathing of the men in the room disturbed the stillness. The impression she had made would remain about that library always.

It was Dick who broke the silence.

"I must explain," he said, "that Mrs. Jenkins, too, was greatly excited by the turn of events. She was found by the police wandering about aimlessly. But she had secreted the paper-weight on her person as though it were a king's ransom, and no one discovered it. I believe," he added, "that is about all. There are details connected with the case which do not matter much, and for a while, at least, we will not talk of them. Other men have played their parts and left the stage. They will not return to bother us. Is there anything that is not clear now?"

"It's not quite clear," replied Twombly Towne, "why I made such a blooming ass of myself."

"It's not quite clear that you did," replied Dick, quickly. "You must remember that I had the best of you. I saw Mr. Bland almost at once."

"But," returned Towne, "after I had seen the drawing of the figure Colonel Jordan had seen in the storm, I didn't want to look any farther. I felt sure that a girl had been prowling about the place. No, Mr. Dick Dyke, you have got to take all the credit for your shrewdness. I take off my hat to you."

"If I remember correctly," said Colonel Jordan to Dick, "you said something to me over the wire about Don Quixote—about certain plans that you had that would make people happy. May I ask what those plans were?"

"May I allow your good sense to suggest something?" replied Dick. "I am very anxious to make you happy, for instance."

"As for myself," replied the old man, "it seems to me that I would enjoy nothing more than making designs to be reproduced in metal work by a master. That is a fad that would occupy me the rest of my life. And to have that master in metals near me, so that we could work together, would be too good to hope for."

"Some such idea had occurred to me," returned Dick. "I wonder how Mr. Bland would feel about it? You see, Mr. Bland, I am sure that the Colonel would be glad to have you for a visitor, at least. And the fact that your sister is here in the house would make things rather pleasant, would it not?"

"Sir," spoke the old man in the army cape, "I cannot believe that you are in earnest."

"Never more so in my life," cried the delighted Colonel.

"I am a slow workman, Colonel Jordan."

"And a wonderful one," returned the Colonel. "There is one thing, however, that seems a cloud on the sky. I fear that this would be rather a dull place for a vivacious young lady like your daughter."

All eyes were fixed on the beautiful girl, while her own filled with tears at the prospect of happiness for the old man she so loved. And her father, looking about him, bore the air of one born for such things.

"I shall not last long," he said, "and while I do I want to see the happiness of my daughter assured. If I am any judge," and a twinkle came to his dimmed eyes, "I shall see that before long."

Dick Dyke moved to the side of the girl, no longer the care-free young man whose face reflected a boyish heart, but now the earnest, serious man, realizing the sacredness of the thing of which he was about to speak.

"Colonel Jordan," he said, "my old friend, it is this that has made me feel as though I wanted every one connected with this mystery to be made happy. Had it not been for this little thing of gold," and he picked the paper-weight from the table, "I might never have found Eleanor. She has promised to take care of me now." He took her hand and the two young people stood side by side while Colonel Jordan rushed forward and grasped Mr. Bland's hand, shaking it heartily.

"We'll build a workshop here," he cried, "and have the time of our lives creating works of art. And the first creation of genius that shall come from our hands will be a wedding present for the boy I shall call my son, and your daughter."

"I really wish," said Twombly Towne, softly, "that I would have some case to solve that would end like this for me."

The End.

* * *

His Shrewdness.

A wealthy merchant in Paris who had an extensive business with Japan was told that a prominent firm in Yokohama had failed, but he could not learn the name of the firm. He could have learned the truth by cabling, but to save expense he went to a well-known banker who had received the news and asked him the name of the firm.

"That's a very delicate thing to do," replied the banker, "for the news is not official, and if I gave you the name I might incur some responsibility."

Then the merchant said:

"I will give you a list of ten firms in Yokohama, and I will ask you to look through it and then tell me, without mentioning any name, whether the name of the firm that has failed appears in it. Surely you will do that for me?"

"Yes," said the banker, "for if I do not mention any name I cannot be held responsible."

The merchant made out his list, the banker looked through it and, as he handed it back, said:

"The name of the merchant who has failed is there."

"Then I've lost heavily," replied the merchant, "for that is the firm with which I did business"—showing a name on the list.

"But how do you know that is the firm that has failed?" asked the banker in surprise.

"Very easily!" replied the merchant. "Of the ten names in the list, only one is genuine—that of the firm with which I did business; all the others are fictitious.

* * *

Very Literal.

Franklin Matthews represented a newspaper during the Russo-Japanese War, and one day succeeded in breaking through the news censorship and reaching Field Marshal Oyama. The interview was brief but extremely courteous, and the jubilant correspondent hurried back to prepare the story for his paper. In the course of it he used this expression: "Marshal Oyama is a brick."

The letter was duly passed along to the official translator, and presently Captain Kanaka of the marshal's personal staff called upon the correspondent.

"Marshal Oyama presents his compliments," said the Captain suavely, "and regrets to inform the esteemed correspondent that his honorable letter cannot be forwarded as written."

"Why, what was wrong with it?" cried the amazed war scribe.

Captain Kanaka explained with polite gravity.

"Marshal Oyama," he said, "objects to having the great American public regard him as baked mud."

For that is what the extremely literal translator had made of "brick."

* * *

A Wild Dog.

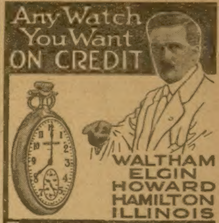
A timid little girl stood looking out of the nursery window and called to her mother: "Mother, mother! Here is a wild dog."

Her mother went to the window.

"Oh, no, that dog is not wild; he belongs to the man who works across the street and is a nice dog," she said.

After a moment's thought the child, unaccustomed to dogs, replied, "Well, his head may not be wild, but his tail is awfully wild."

EDITORIAL NOTE—The advertisement appearing below of the Miller-Hoefer Co., our readers will remember as the same firm who used a full page back cover in 4 colors in our issue of June 19 offering to put any make of watches in an inlaid colored enamel watch case.



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I Smash the Terms

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Real Hair Grower Found at Last!

"GROWS HAIR IN 30 DAYS"

$1000.00 Reward If We Fail on Our Guarantee. Try It at Our Risk. Mail Coupon To-day

Beautiful Hair and lots of it—if you use Crystolis.

Here's good news at last for men and women whose hair is falling, who are growing bald and gray, whose scalps are covered with dandruff that nothing seems to keep away and whose heads itch like mad.

Good news even for those who imagine themselves hopelessly and incurably bald or who suffer from hair or scalp trouble of any kind.

We have secured the sole American rights for the wonderful new hair remedy, Crystolis, that in Europe has been called the most wonderful discovery of the century, having been awarded Gold Medals at the big Paris and Brussels Expositions.

Already, since securing the American rights hundreds of men and women have written us to tell of phenomenal results obtained by its use. People who have been bald for years tell how they now glory in their beautiful hair. Others who have had dandruff all their lives say they have now a clean, healthy scalp and that hair stopped falling after a few applications of this wonderful new treatment.

We don't care whether you are bothered with falling hair, prematurely gray hair; matted hair or stringy hair; dandruff, itching scalp, or any or all forms of hair trouble, we want you to try "CRYSTOLIS," at our risk.

We give you a binding guarantee, without any "strings" or red tape, that it won't cost you a cent if we do not prove to you that, "Crystolis" will do all we claim for it, and what's important, we have plenty of money to back our guarantee. We have deposited $1,000 in our local Bank as a special fund to be forfeited if we fail to comply with this contract. Cut out the coupon below and mail it today to Creslo Laboratories, 100-V Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

FREE COUPON

The Creslo Laboratories,
100-V Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

I am a reader of Boyce's Weeklies. Prove to me without cost how Crystolis stops falling hair, banishes dandruff and itching scalps and restores gray and faded hair to natural color. Write your name and address plainly and

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR LETTER

His Finish.

He—"Can't get the hang of this trot—somehow I always seem to end on the wrong foot."

She (sweetly)—"Yes, mine!"—Puck.

TRUE.

Here is a fact I've often met,
It's true beyond a doubt:
The man who rushes into debt
Shows no speed getting out.

PLANTED CAN AND ALL

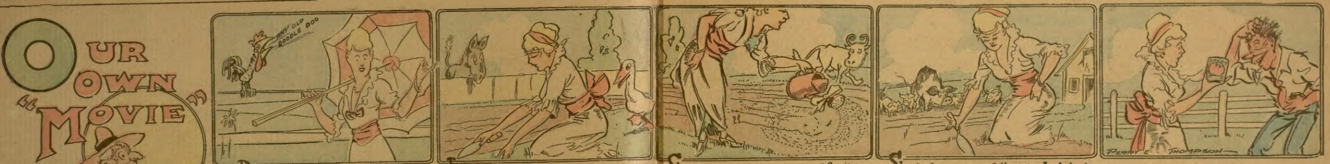
Lights Out.

"My dear, you look sweet enough to kiss!"

"That's the way I intended to look, Jack."

Room for One More.

The average drinking man is like a street car—no matter how much of a load he already has on, there is always room for one more.



Poor Angelina doesn't know what to do
To her this country life is something new
And with each passing auto's honk
Is mingled, cock-a-doodle-doooo.

I've heard, Quoth she, "the country's where they sow
"All kinds of things which later sprout and grow
"I think I'll be a farmerette myself
"And plant these nice tomatoes in a row

She watered, watched and watered for about
A month before she first commenced to doubt
If everything was as it ought to be
For, drat the things, they wouldn't even sprout

She dug one up and then to Jack began
To unfold her dilemma span by span
Quothe Jack "They didn't grow because
You first forgot---

-TO OPEN UP THE CAN!!

Never but Once.

James, haled before the bench, was charged with poaching. It was a mistake on the part of the police, and James was indignant. Quivering with rage he denied that he had ever, on this or any other occasion, shot a bird out of season or belonging to some one else.

"Oh, I say now!" protested the magistrate. "Do you mean to tell me you have never in your whole life poached a bird?"

"Yes, I do, sir!" answered James, with conviction. "Never in my life have I shot a bird that I hadn't a right to—never, except once, and that was a rabbit what I clumped over the head with a stick!"

Not First, but Best.

"Am I the first girl you ever loved?" sighed the maid.

"You certainly are not!" proclaimed the youth.

This was not what she had been brought up to expect, so she became really interested.

"I am not?" she repeated.

"You are not. You are merely the best of the bunch. Are you satisfied with that?"

Well, was she?

Conceited.

"How conceited she is."

"What makes you think so?"

"I proposed to her and she said she wouldn't marry the best man on earth."

"Well, what of that?"

"I was the man she was referring to."

Unrest.

"I found a place last summer where I could rest in perfect quietude."

"Did you enjoy it?"

"No. I spent half my time on the cars getting to a place where they had moving pictures and a band."

Feminine "Short and Ugly."

"You say Mrs. Gadders and Mrs. Plimly exchanged the short and ugly word?"

"That's what they did."

"Shocking! Was it 'liar'?"

"No. 'Cat.'"

SLOCUM-SIMPSON.

Sudden swallows swiftly skimming,
Sunset's slowly speeding shade,
Silvery songsters sweetly singing
Summer's soothing serenade.

Susan Simpson strolled sedately,
Stifling sobs, suppressing sighs,
Seeing Stephen Slocum, stately,
She stopped, showing some surprise.

"Say," said Stephen, "sweetest sigher,
Say, shall Stephen spouseless stay?"
Susan, seeming somewhat shyer,
Showed submissiveness straightway.

Summer's season slowly stretches—
Susan Simpson-Slocum she;
So she sighed some simple sketches,
Soul sought soul successfully.

Six September seasons swelter—
Six sharp seasons snow supplied—
Susan sat in sofa shelter
Six small Slocums side by side.

Historical.

Miss Smith, the teacher, was hearing the history class. The pupils seemed unusually dull.

"Now," said she, "Mary followed Edward VI., didn't she?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied a little girl.

"And now, who followed Mary?" asked the teacher, hopefully. All was silent for a moment, then Elsie raised her hand.

"Yes, Elsie?" queried the teacher. "Who followed Mary?"

"Her little lamb, teacher," said Elsie, triumphantly.

A Horrible Thought.

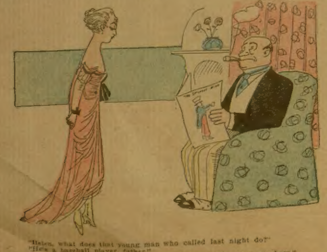
"I see the Germans have a gun that will shoot twenty-seven miles."

"That's terrible. Just imagine what is liable to happen if some fool who doesn't know it's loaded starts monkeying with it."

Careful Calculation.

"Do you think the number 13 is unlucky?"

"Well," replied Mr. Cassius Chex, "if you put a dollar mark in front of it it's luckier than 12, but not so lucky as 14."



"Listen, what does that young man who called last night do?"

"He's a baseball player, father."

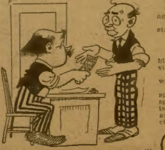
"Well, tell him to cut out his squeeze plays when he comes up here."

Who Is to Blame?

Mr. Gedeon—"Do you remember, Jose, where I put my cigarettes the other night?"

Jose—"No, I don't, sir."

Mr. Gedeon—"These servants! They never remember anything!"



Wiggs—"Let me have a dollar, will you?"

Biggs—"Certainly! Here you are."

Wiggs—"Thanks, old man. I hope you'll be down an' out some day so that I can repay your kindness."

The Old Saying.

A jarvey was driving with an English visitor on a bitterly cold day in December through the wilds of Connemara. They became sociable and the native, in a burst of confidence, pointed out a shebeen where the "best potheen in Connaught" might be obtained. The Englishman, only too glad to get an opportunity of warming himself, offered refreshment, which offer was readily accepted.

"'Tis a very cold day in these parts, Pat," observed the tourist. "'Tis, yer honor," replied Pat. He raised his glass, and the contents speedily vanished. "And there's truth in the old sayin'," he suggestively added, smacking his lips, "wan swallow niver made a summer."

Eligible.

A Canadian named Casey was appointed to a Government place. Technically, it had to be held by a lawyer, which Casey was not. The benchers of the law society, however, undertook to obviate the technicality.

"Well, Casey," said the examiner, "what do you know about law, anyway?"

"To tell the truth," replied the candidate, "I don't know a single thing."

The examiner reported in his affidavit "that he had examined Mr. Casey as to his knowledge of the law, and, to the best of his information and belief, he had answered the questions that he had put to him correctly." The aspirant was therefore admitted.

No Resort Complete Without Him.

"Who is the beautiful young man over there by the hotel piazza?"

"That's Jimmie Sweet. He's a professional proposer."

"What's that? A professional proposer?"

"Yes. He helps the summer girls make their engagement records."

Maw No Chicken.

Mother (at party)—"Why did you allow young Saphead to kiss you in the conservatory?"

Daughter—"Why, maw!"

Mother—"Oh, you needn't 'why, maw' me. One side of his nose is powdered, and one side of yours isn't."

Sharpening Himself.

When the train stopped at the little Southern station, the tourist from the North sauntered out and gazed curiously at a lean animal with scraggy bristles, which was rubbing itself against a scrub oak.

"What do you call that?" he asked curiously of a native.

"Razorback hawg, suh."

"What is he doing rubbing himself against that tree?"

"He's stropping hisself, suh, just stropping hisself."

Circumstantial Evidence.

An old colored man had been in trouble for stealing chickens, and was convicted on circumstantial evidence.

"What's circumstantial evidence?" he was asked.

"Well," he said, "as near as I kin splain it, f'um de way it has been splained to me, circumstantial evidence is de feathers dat you leaves lyin' around after you has done with de chicken."

Ver[illegible]ood.

Dr. [illegible]sler—"How [illegible] your practi[illegible]"

Dr. [illegible]ssler—"First [illegible]ate; it couldn'[illegible]be better. I [illegible] more than [illegible]e hundred[illegible]ts last year [illegible] didn't lose [illegible] single cent."

She [illegible]s It.

Gibb[illegible]"Is it true [illegible]t you don't [illegible]nd as much [illegible]ey now as [illegible]id before [illegible] were marri[illegible]

"Dibb[illegible]"It is. I [illegible] could say [illegible] same thi[illegible]f my wife."

Fortunate.

The German scout car had blundered into the midst of a French outpost, and, in a hail of rifle bullets, was making all speed to get away. Suddenly the man beside the driver put his hand to his shoulder and shivered.

"Why did you shiver, baron?" said the man at the wheel, too busy with his driving to look around.

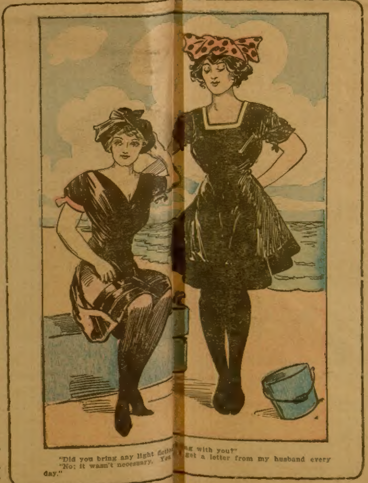
"I couldn't help it," was the reply; "a bullet just went through my arm, and I thought what would have happened if it had hit a tire."

A Heartless King.

"Wasn't King John a wicked man?" said the professor's little daughter the other evening. "He used to run over people with his motor cars."

The professor was puzzled. "Haven't you made a mistake?" he inquired doubtfully. "Surely your teacher didn't tell you that?"

"Oh, yes, she did. She told us that King John ground down the people with his taxis."



"Did you bring any light [illegible]ng with you?"

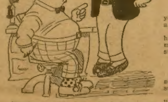
"No; it wasn't necessary. Yo[illegible] get a letter from my husband every day."

A Real Dilemma.

"I'm in a fix," declared the war correspondent. "I'm in love with a pretty nurse."

"Yes?"

"She wants me to shave and my passport describes me with whiskers."



Employer—"I'll have to reduce your salary on account of the war."

Clerk—"But our business is entirely local."

Employer—"Yes, but you spend one-third of your time talking about Europe."

The Gorgons.

A Philadelphia schoolteacher has lately been instructing her pupils in Grecian mythology. It is the plan to have the children read the tales aloud, and the next day recount them in their own language. One lad, to whom was given the assignment to render in his own language the story of "The Gorgons," did so in these terms:

"The Gorgons were three sisters that lived in the Islands of the Hesperides, somewhere in the Indian Ocean. They had long snakes for hair, tusks for teeth, and claws for nails, and they looked like women, only more horrible."

Puzzled.

Howard—"I see the neighbors on your street have petitioned the city to have a light placed in front of your house. What do you think of it?"

Henry—"I'm puzzled. I don't know whether it is kindness on their part, so that I can find the keyhole, or just plain curiosity to see what time I come home nights."—Judge.

Putting One Over on the Doc.

"I fooled the doctor, all right."

"How?"

"He said he was going to put me on a diet, and he asked me what I liked to eat, and I told him I liked all the things which I do not like. So he gave me a lot of things I do like."

Language of Flowers.

"Do you know anything about the language of flowers?"

"Only this much: A five-dollar box of roses talks a heap louder to a girl than a fifty-cent bunch of carnations."

The Great Change.

"When water becomes ice," asked the teacher, "what is the great change that takes place?"

"The greatest change, ma'am," said the little boy, "is the change in price."

Heard on the Train.

"Do you play poker?"

"No; I need all the money I've got."

Getting Around It.

Telephone girls are forbidden to "answer back," no matter how abusive a subscriber may be. Sometimes they get around these hard conditions in a very clever way. For instance, the subscriber, after vainly trying for ten minutes to get the number he had asked for, shouted:

"What the deuce is the matter with you telephone girls, anyhow—are you all crazy?"

The answer came with exasperating sweetness:

"I don't know. Ask 'information.'"

Worse.

"Does your next door neighbor wake you in the morning with his lawn mower as he did last year?"

"No," answered Mr. Crosslots. "I wish he would. He has bought a new automobile and now comes honking up the street at midnight."

A Safe Stove.

Fair Dame—"That gasoline stove you sold me won't light, and I believe the supply pipe is all choked up."

Dealer—"Well, madam, you insisted upon having one that would be absolutely safe."

Equal to All Occasions.

Goodfello—"Wasn't that Nicefello who just asked for you?"

Sweet Girl—"Yes; I told the maid to tell him I was not at home."

"Suppose he finds out that you are?"

"I'll tell him I thought it was you."

We All Do It.

"They contemplate a trip to the Frisco exposition."

"That's cheap enough."

"What? Why, the fare——"

"I was speaking of the contemplation."

A Noncombatant.

"What side of the war do you take?" asked the hyphenated citizen.

"As I flatter myself that I still have a thimbleful of brains left," said the irascible old gentleman, "I take the outside."

Sheridan's Wit.

Not many companions of Richard Brinsley Sheridan cared to engage the dramatist in an encounter of wits. The royal dukes in the following story were more courageous, but not more successful, than most of the playwright's friends.

Two royal dukes, friends of Sheridan, were walking in St. James street, when they happened to meet the dramatist.

"I say, Sherry," said one of the dukes, "we have just been discussing whether you are a greater fool or rogue. What is your opinion, my boy?"

Sheridan smiled, took each by an arm, and replied:

"Why, faith, your royal highnesses, I believe I am between both."

A Rare Experience.

"I would like to pay a bill," said the caller.

The doctor looked at him curiously for a moment. "Are you quite sure about that?" he asked.

"Why, of course. Here's the money."

"Thanks. I'll write a receipt for you. Pardon my question. You are the first person who ever told me that he would like to pay a bill."

The Only Way.

Crawford—"Do you think it right to quarrel with one's wife over the telephone?"

Crabshaw—"That's the only way to do it. You can shut her off before she can get in the last word."—Judge.

Calamity.

First Idiot—"Terrible accident in the Victrola factory."

Party of the Second Part—"How's that?"

First Idiot—"This year's sales broke all the records."

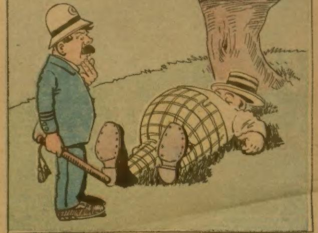
Nothing on Her.

"She seems very happy."

"She is."

"Her husband had his salary raised?"

"No. She's been to every place she's getting souvenir postal cards from this summer."



Officer—"Hedad, I've whacked this guy on his feet, his head, his legs, his back, and he don't seem to mind it! He's either dead or a bush league umpire!"

KATE OF THE LILAC SOX

Or, FIGHTING FOR THE PENNANT

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

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CHAPTER IX.

AFTER Cousin Seth Slade had gone to Rockhaven, with the intention of finding out who had been double-crossing Kate Weston in her management of the Lilac Sox Baseball Club, things were lonely for me. If it hadn't been for the horseback riding, and the fact that I managed to sandwich in a few days of excitement watching the roundup, I'd have been willing to swear that a cattle ranch was the loneliest place in the world on which to maroon anybody. But I rode a lot of the plains, and anybody would have had to look twice at me to make sure I was the same Jared Slosson who was supposed to have died in China.

I waited a week without hearing from Seth, and then I got a letter from him which I have saved. Here it is:

> "Dear Jared: I'm down here in this little town of Dolby Center, and you can take the straight Injun talk from me that this is no place for a cowman. All they've got around here is a little bunch of milch cows and I ain't any milkmaid—not yet a while. I'm giving it to you straight, Jared, when I tell you that though I've been in the cattle business for thirty-six years and have roped, branded, and shipped thousands of the critters, I ain't ever yet learned to milk a cow. I am willing to sell the cows to the farmers in this country and have the milk shipped to me in airtight cans. But cows ain't anything to do with this here Injun pitcher of ours, Jared. I have found out who put the Two-Cross brand on the Rockhaven baseball team, or rather the pair that done it, for there was two mixed up in it. I'll tell you how I found out the hull thing. I went to this Crow Injun's boarding-house, and learned that he'd been keeping straight, right up to the time he got hold of some medicine called Puretta. They told me there was half a case of bottles of Puretta in his room—said bottles all being empty and showing what had started him on the warpath. Well, I loped to the nearest drug store and got a bottle of Puretta just to see what it was like—and you don't want to be too hard on this Injun for going locoed after getting away half a case, for what one bottle done to me I'm ashamed to tell. Well, I wasn't much better off than before, but the landlady called me to one side, and showed me a wrapper she had found on one of the bottles, and on this wrapper was the name of Miss Almira Slosson, your esteemed cousin, and mine. Well, I hit for this place pronto, and I didn't waste any valuable time telling these cousins of ours just what I thought about their share in doping Young Otter. What scared 'em into confessing was my telling 'em that giving or selling an Injun whisky in any form was to invite Uncle Sam to fine 'em about a million dollars apiece, and give 'em a nice long time in prison into the bargain. They admitted they had done it to keep the Rockhaven team from winning the pennant. Futhermore I found out that all the plotting and counterplotting going on here would keep a stock detective busy for a year. But I ain't any stock detective, and I've got to go on to Chicago and attend a meeting of cattlemen next week. I have told Kate Weston to look out, and I believe she will watch for ambushes from now on. I can't just make out who it is that's chiefly concerned in the plotting against her, but it seems to me it's the manager of the Ossoways, that being the team the Lilac Sox have got to beat out for the pennant. I never saw this Ossoway manager, but I've got a good notion to take a shot or two at him just for luck. I hear he tried to block Kate getting a young pitcher from this place, and with the help of these two cousins of ours, he came near being successful. I'd rather run a sheep outfit acrost the dead line and try to keep it there than to have anything to do with managing a ball team in one of these leagues. Outlaws and bandits have some mercy in their hearts, but the people in this baseball game have none. I'd rather take a chance among the train robbers in the Hole in the Wall than with the magnates in this here Corn Belt League.
>
> "Your cousin,
> "SETH SLADE."

Well, when I got Seth's letter I couldn't stand it any longer. I made up my mind I'd go back somewhere near home, wearing the white hat and general Western togs I'd worn on the ranch. Of course, it wouldn't do for me to go direct to Rockhaven, where I was too well known to hope that any disguise wouldn't be seen through, but I calculated that I could get away with my deception most anywhere else on the circuit.

By consulting the schedule, I found that there were four games at Leeville, and I made up my mind to go there and find out if I could what was in the wind. I bought a ticket and took the first east-bound train out of Montana. When I got to Leeville, I waited until the crowd was the thickest at the gate, and then I slipped up and bought a ticket—not for the grand stand but away out in the left field bleachers. I didn't see anybody I knew, except that young white-haired Wallace chap that used to be in Schoonover & Schoonover's law office. I felt pretty sure I got past without his recognizing me, for just the side of his face was turned toward me. I got out in the bleachers and watched the game, and I couldn't believe it was my team out there playing rings around the Leevilles. Harry Nichols always had a crack team, and this year he was a good third, while the Rockhavens were second, with only two games between the Lilac Sox and the Ossoways. I never saw a faster fielding lot than this team which had been substituted for the lot of dray horses I had got together. Only once did I see Kate Weston. She came out on the field to say a word to Fox Kelly just before the game started, and I could see a bunch of lilac at her left shoulder. I don't know how that girl managed to popularize such a color, which I never thought was the color at all. Good old red is my favorite—the redder the better.

But I forgot all about colors when that lilac bunch got into action. Nichols was out there on the coaching line, making the dust fly and giving his war whoop, but he couldn't throw those fast fielders off their stride. When the score was footed up, I saw that the Lilac Sox had only one more hit than the Leevilles, but it seemed to me that they outbatted the other fellows at every turn in the road. That was the way with that team—it made everything it did look big. And it was generally ahead by one run, which looked the biggest of all.

A young farm boy was pitching that day—"Bullet Bill" Weatherby from Dolby Center. I had read how Kate had gone scouting and picked up this young pitcher herself. He certainly looked good to pull the Lilac Sox up the last bump in the road. He swept along like a forest fire, with everything curling up in front of him. If the Leevilles managed to get some one on base, the Lilac Sox generally would pull a double and kill all chances of a score. The Lilacs had only one run at the end of the game, but it was enough for a winning. I'd noticed that they had won more one-run games than any other team in the league, and I began to see that they represented the ideal of balance, and that whoever was responsible for getting the team together had rare ideas about combining a club's attack and defense.

I was so intent on watching the game and comparing this fast bunch with the tail-enders I used to call my own, that I didn't notice that some one had sat down beside me. I had been sitting out toward the end of the bleachers, where the empty seats were numerous. Finally I realized that I had a neighbor, and when I turned to speak about the fine catch by young Moran out in center, which wound up the game and gave the Lilac Sox another victory, I found myself looking into the face of Eddie Wallace, that young clerk for Schoonover & Schoonover.

I might have known that ambitious young law student was just the sort to recognize me and give no sign. I was so flabbergasted I just looked into his face with my mouth open.

"Hello, Mr. Slosson," he said. "Then you're not a ghost, after all?"

I looked around to make sure no one was hearing.

"Look here, you young smart Aleck," I said, "you've got the goods on me. Does any one else know I'm here?"

"No," he replied, "I just happened to catch a glimpse of you as you asked for a ticket at the window, and you fingered unconsciously for the chain you always used to wear at your neck. If you didn't do that trick, I believe you could go right by Kate—or Miss Weston—without her recognizing you."

I couldn't help but admire the young rascal for his sharpness, but it disturbed me to get found out. When you're playing you're a dead one you don't want to come to life for an audience of one.

"Don't you breathe a word about seeing me," I cautioned. "You see, I just couldn't help coming back here to get the finish of this league race."

"I guess it would have called you back from the real genuine blown-in-the-bottle grave," said young Wallace. "But trust me. I'm not going to say anything."

"I just want to stick around and see these last few games," I said. "Where does this win put the club?"

"It ties us with the Ossoways for first place. They won today from Winnebago, confound 'em! There are two open dates, Saturday and Sunday, and then we open Monday at home with the Ossoways in the three games that will decide things. If Ossoway gets two out of that three——"

"Ossoway ain't going to get two out of three," I said, real savage-like. "The Rockhavens are going to win this pennant, or I'm going back to China and let myself be considered dead for the rest of my natural life, to put it in an Irish way."

We saw that the game was over, and we walked slowly out of the grounds and down town toward the hotel. The crowd of good Middle Western folks—the kind of folks you can tie to anywhere and at any time—was hurrying home to its supper. Kids were whooping and shrieking with joy under the big trees that arched the street. It was one of those warm, pleasant evenings of late summer that make you glad you're alive and in the Middle West. I just ambled along with young Wallace and talked his arm off, and then I stopped and got him to talk a while. He told me all about the club, and I began to see where he had been a big help to Kate in the matter of giving advice, for his views of the game were different from what I'd ever heard before.

Finally I says: "You can't tell me you've never played ball."

"I'm not trying to tell you I never played," he answered. "But what makes you guess I have been a player?"

Just then it all came to me in a flash that I'd seen him hunting around for some of my papers up in Schoonover & Schoonover's law office, and he'd opened a drawer and I'd got a glimpse of a loving cup. I had pulled it out before he could stop me, and had seen that it was given to Edward Wallace for his gallant work in pitching the Starkville College team to a championship. I remembered that I had looked at some press clippings in the cup, and found out that this slim young jigger, with the modest demeanor and the white eyelashes, had managed to annex the college strikeout record, and had pitched the only no-hit game for his team, besides pulling a lot of other fancy stunts in his senior year.

"I'm onto you just as big as you were onto me out there on the bleachers," I told him, recalling to him what I knew. "But what's the reason you've been keeping under cover all this season, when twice the Rockhaven team's been in need of a pitcher?"

"I've given my promise that I wouldn't play professional ball," said the young fellow.

I caught by his tone that there wasn't anything more to say, so I changed back to the Rockhaven team again as we neared the hotel. We agreed that the chances of the team against the Ossoways were mighty good, if things held as they were, but when we parted on the corner, I told him what Seth Slade had found out about the doping of Young Otter, and how he said there were more tricks in the air, and that Kate had better look out.

"They can't pull anything on us that they haven't tried two or three times," said young Wallace. "They've done their best to spike every player on the Lilacs, but all they've succeeded in doing is getting themselves in bad with the fans as a lot of roughnecks. But we'll be on the lookout, just the same."

We had got pretty near the hotel where the Lilac Sox were stopping, so I shook hands with him and turned back, for fear I might be recognized. I got supper at a little restaurant, and then I walked around and visited two or three moving-picture shows. About eleven o'clock I thought I'd turn in. I thought I'd engage a room in a quiet little hotel across the street from where the team was stopping. I was just about turning in when I saw a messenger boy come up in a great hurry. He went into the big hotel, and pretty soon, when he came out, Kate Weston was with him. The street was empty, but all of a sudden I saw a big automobile creeping around the corner near Kate. She looked up and down the street and questioned the messenger boy. A couple of men stepped quietly out of the automobile and made as if they were going into the hotel, but instead, they turned and grabbed Kate and hustled her into the machine. They had thrown a shawl or something over her head, and I could see that she was struggling.

The big machine was scooting up the street before I could make a move. Then I stopped a yell of police that rose to my lips, for I knew that I couldn't give any alarm, because I was Jared Slosson, and was supposed to be dead. I heard a motor stirring the echoes along the quiet street, and I ran out and stopped a tired business man who was going home from his office. I commandeered him and his machine, and we took off after the big car, which had disappeared long ago. We followed the trail several miles, and then I told the tired business man to turn back, as we hadn't gone over ten miles an hour at our top speed. The big machine must have been reeling off at least sixty, and I figured that it had at least five cylinders the better of the car I was in, so there wasn't much use of keeping up the pretense of a chase.

When I got back to my hotel, I called up the big place across the street and asked for Mr. Edward Wallace. In about four minutes, which seemed like forty, I was told that Mr. Wallace was not in the hotel.

"He left on the ten o'clock train with

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the Lilac Sox team for Rockhaven," I was informed.

There I was, the only one who knew that Kate Weston had been kidnaped, and with the only man I might have told gone out of town half an hour before. I didn't care anything about the probable loss of that baseball pennant, but I was scared to death for fear something was going to happen to that girl, Kate Weston, for whom I had come to have a father's love.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Seth Slade departed for Chicago, after having found that his own cousins from Dolby Center had been responsible for the dereliction of the Indian pitcher, Young Otter, and the consequent slump of the Lilac Sox, to use his own expression, he could have dehorned a Texas steer in two bites.

Seth was angry chiefly because of his helplessness in the matter of aiding Kate Weston's baseball team to better fortunes. He knew of no other baseball pitcher in the West that was nearly the equal of Young Otter. He had played his one card, and that was gone, and now there was nothing else in the baseball deck but deuces, so far as his judgment was concerned. He knew there would be no use of trying to find Young Otter before the close of the baseball season. And, worst of all, he could wreak no personal revenge on those whose duplicity had resulted in the fall of the Indian pitcher, because they were women.

All these things did not make [illegible] very cheerful figure in the little group of Montana cattlemen that [illegible] hotel near the Stockyards d[illegible] consider ways and means of assisting the national forestry officers in eliminating wolves and coyotes from the cattle range. The meetings were held near the Stockyards for the sake of convenience, as all the cattlemen had shipments arriving, the fall beef gather having begun rather earlier than usual.

On the second morning Seth snatched a paper from the hands of an astonished fellow cowman, as the following heading caught his eye:

BASEBALL MANAGERESS
VICTIM OF KIDNAPERS
Kate Weston, Famous Director of the
Rockhaven Lilac Sox, Is Spirited
Away in an Automobile at Leeville—Thought to Be Work of
Rival Manager, Owing to
Closeness of the Corn Belt
League Race—No Clew to
Young Woman's Whereabouts.

Seth read the article through before he replied to the questions his astonished companion had been firing at him.

"I'm interested in that there Lilac Sox story, too," said the rough cowman from whom Seth had snatched the paper, "because look what rained down on me today."

The cowman held up a tiny rosette of lilac ribbon.

"All the women are wearing them things sence this Lilac Sox manager started the fad," said a northern Wyoming cattleman. "Probably it dropped off some gal's shoulder and you picked it up."

"Guess again," said the Montana man, stoutly. "This here thing jest fell on me when I was passin' the Drover's Rest Hotel down the street a ways."

The other cattlemen laughed noisily, but Seth rose and pulled the Montana man to his feet.

"You'll have to excuse us from the meeting this morning," he explained to the others. "Me and Bill have an important engagement right now."

So saying Seth dragged the astonished Bill out of the doorway to the street.

"Now come on and show me just where that rosette hit you," he said to the Montana man, a short, broad-shouldered cattle king, who had wandered north along the old cattle trail from Texas, and who would have traded all his millions for a few years of life in the saddle as he knew that life in the days before fences and sheepmen and nesters.

The Montana cattle king wonderingly led the way back to the Drover's Rest Hotel, a shabby structure not unlike a dozen other such buildings in the Stockyards district—places which held out special inducements in the way of cheap meal tickets for visiting stockmen.

"It was jest about here that I was hit with this rosette," said Bill, stopping and looking up at the uninviting front of the Drover's Rest.

"Well, if that's the case, the rosette must have dropped out of that half-open window on the fourth floor, don't you think, Bill?" asked Seth.

"It'd be likely," quoth Bill.

"Well, come along then—there's going to be a little work for a fust-class calf wrastler," said Seth.

"You'll have to excuse me, Seth," murmured Bill. "I didn't think it of you, either—you as straight a man as I ever knowed——"

"Shut up, you old fool!" exclaimed Seth. "That bunch of lilac was dropped by somebody who needs help, and I'll bet my best bunch of grass feeders against the meanest dogie in your last trainload that I know who it is."

There was a side door to the Drover's Rest, marked "Ladies' Entrance," and Seth, followed by the formidable-looking Bill, climbed to the fourth floor, up a narrow stairway.

"Unless I'm clear off my calculations, this here's the room," said Seth, and he rapped on the door that was farthest front.

There was no response to the rap. Seth tried the handle and found that the door was locked. He and Bill put their combined weight against it, and the door flew open. There was a negress in the room—a giantess who was inclined to show fight until she saw Bill's broad shoulders.

Sitting with her hands and feet tightly bound to a chair, was Kate Weston. The negress sidled along the wall and darted through the door, making her escape down the hall. Seth made no attempt to stop her, but busied himself releasing Kate. He swore an old-fashioned oath or two when he found she had been gagged.

"If you hadn't managed to throw that there lilac rosette out of the window we never would have found you," said Seth, after Kate had managed to get some of the blood back in her aching wrists and ankles.

"I didn't throw it out," Kate replied. "It dropped off my dress, and my fair guardian, who has just made her escape, picked it up and was going to fasten it on again. I managed to make her understand, by nods and signs, that I didn't want it any more, [illegible] throw it out of the window. It [illegible] chance in a thousand, but [illegible]"

"[illegible] wearing [illegible] in the world," said Seth. "[illegible] been up in the backwoods of M[illegible] his life, and didn't realize [illegible]ficance of this bunch of lilac [illegible]n he was hit. The hull hotel could have fell on Bill without giving him a hint, but I had a hunch right away that that there lilac rosette wasn't throwed out of the window for nothing. But how did you happen to be brought here, anyway?"

Kate told her story, briefly. She had been called out of the hotel at Leeville by a messenger boy who said some friends were wating to see her. Not suspecting any danger, Kate had stepped out, only to be seized and lifted into an automobile and whirled down the road at breathless speed. The fifty-mile run to Chicago must have been made, she figured, in less than an hour. Kate realized the futility of struggling, and offered no resistance when she was told to step out of the automobile and was led into the hotel, where the bandage was removed from her eyes and she found herself alone with her negress guardian. So closely was she watched by this faithful servitor of her abductors, that she had no opportunity to give out so much as a hint of her desperate straits until the expedient of the lilac rosette had occurred to her.

Although she suspected that Wilson of the Ossoways was the prime mover in her abduction, Kate had no means of identifying those who had spirited her away. The utmost care had been used to keep her from catching a glimpse of those in the automobile. The negress was the only one whose face she had seen, and such a witness would avail little.

"I'll tell you one thing," said Seth, after they had departed from the hotel, and he and the broad-shouldered cattle king accompanied Kate to the station, where she intended to board the first train for Rockhaven. "I'll bet those sweet cousins of ours from Dolby Center was mixed up in this abduction. Them girls are dead crazy to get a slice of Jared Slosson's fortune, and they ain't going to leave a stone unturned if there's a chance of finding a dollar under that stone.

They are the ones that doped the Injun pitcher and made the Lilac Sox slump, and they tried their durndest to euchre you out of young 'Bullet Bill' Weatherby, didn't they? Well, they're capable of putting their heads together with young Wilson, who is as slick a rascal as there is outside the penitentiary walls, and abduction's a moonlight picnic for a bunch like that. They aimed to keep you out of the way till this here big series with the Ossoways is over. I'm going along to see that they don't play some worse trick on you."

"Count me in on that there deal," said Bill from Montana. "I'm goin' back to my hotel to get a couple of guns and a clean shirt, and I'll be out to Rockhaven on the next train, and you and me'll jest have to see that the cards is dealt straight from now on in the game this young woman is playin', Seth."

So saying, the giant cattleman shook hands with Kate, and departed for his hotel, evidently hugely delighted at the prospect of proving his Western gallantry and at the same time figuring in a possible gunplay.

There had been consternation in the Lilac Sox camp when it was found that Kate had disappeared. The team was to make the jump from Leeville to Rockhaven, for the final series with the Ossoways, after the conclusion of the series with Nichols' team. Wallace usually had charge of such work as arranging transportation and seeing that the players and the baggage arrived at the station in plenty of time for the train. The team was due to leave at ten o'clock for Rockhaven, arriving there about midnight. The jumps in the Corn Belt League were short, as the men who had planned the circuit found plenty of populous cities within a comparatively small radius, thereby effecting a considerable saving in the matter of railroad fares, an item that has caused more than one promising minor league to go on the rocks.

When Kate did not appear at the hotel at time for starting, Wallace was not uneasy. He thought she would surely be at the train. But he found, on starting, that Kate had not arrived. Telegrams were sent out the next morning, but to no avail. None of Kate's friends in Leeville had seen her. Then a messenger boy told of being sent to the hotel and of calling a young woman to the sidewalk and of seeing her whisked away in an automobile whose number he did not get and whose occupants he could not identify.

Wallace was alarmed at this new turn

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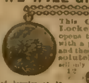

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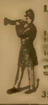

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of affairs. He had faced the series with Ossoway in confidence, as he felt that Kate had at last succeeded in overcoming all obstacles and had the team going at its top speed. But her mysterious disappearance was apt to disorganize the team.

On the morning of the first day of the series, rumors were flying about Rockhaven thick and fast. The Ossoways had arrived, primed for battle. It was openly hinted that Wilson had a hand in the disappearance of Kate Weston. The Rockhaven chief of police called on him, but Wilson produced an alibi which could not be disregarded. He proved that he had been playing pocket billards at another hotel, on the night she had disappeared.

Wallace got his team together for morning practice, but to his annoyance "Bullet Bill" Weatherby did not appear. As Weatherby had been slated to pitch in the opening contest that afternoon, his absence from practice was anything but reassuring to Wallace. The young secretary jumped into an automobile and scurried about town, in search of the eccentric youth from the country, who was prone to do the most foolish acts at all times. He could not find Weatherby at any of the pool halls he was wont to haunt, and returned to the park. Here he was met at the gate by Weatherby, whose face was scratched and his arm in a sling.

"I took a ride with Misger, the cigar man," explained Weatherby, with a foolish grin. "He said a little fresh air'd do me good before the game began. His darned machine broke a whiffletree or something when we was out about five miles, and scraped into a tree at the side of the road. It happened to be that I was on the side of the auto that got scraped, and I was tossed out and my wrist sprained, and look what happened to my face."

Wallace was angry beyond all words. He had meant to caution the team against hanging forth in Misger's place, for he had heard rumors that the cigar man was betting heavily on the Ossoways to win the pennant. The mere disabling of a cheap automobile would mean nothing to Misger, if it only put the star pitcher of the Rockhaven team out of the game. He had accomplished the trick so successfully and smoothly that not even the pitcher himself realized that he had been the victim of a plot.

Without chiding Weatherby, who was openly in tears at having been deprived of his chance to participate in the series, and because in all probability he had lost the pennant for Rockhaven, Wallace set himself to the work of heartening up the team and meeting the crisis as best he could. As soon as he realized the extent of Weatherby's injury, Wallace rushed to the telegraph office and dispatched a message. In an hour he had received an answer which was evidently unfavorable, for it caused a frown to settle on the usually placid brow of the young law clerk. Then he sent another

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Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

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PARKER'S MARRIAGE GUIDE INFOR[illegible] you must know. Circular free. Banker Company, Fort Madison, Iowa.

telegram, and, without waiting for an answer, departed for the grounds, where a huge crowd had assembled, waiting for the beginning of the series which was to determine the championship.

When "Bullet Bill" Weatherby appeared on the field, in his "store" clothes, and with his arm in a sling, a groan went up from the crowd. It was generally realized that Weatherby was the team's main dependence in the series. It was figured that he would be pitched in the first and third games, and that he would win both. The story of the disabling of the team's star pitcher was passed rapidly about the crowd, and when Misger, the cigar man, appeared, he was given an enthusiastic hooting which did not seem to bother him a bit. Wilson of the Ossoways was greeted with yells of "Kidnaper!" but he met those taunts smilingly, and the crowd subsided when it saw the supreme confidence of the Ossoways, from top to bottom. The Ossoway team performed miracles in practice, while, in spite of all the exhortations of Wallace, the Rockhavens seemed to be under a spell of discouragement.

"There ain't a baseball machine made that wouldn't begin to crack a little under a strain like this," said Fox Kelly, just before the game was called. "I've never seen nothing like it in all the years I've been in the game. Think of having your two best pitchers put out of business and your manager kidnaped, just when things was getting right for the pennant! The boys are going around with their shoulders hunched up for fear it's going to rain black cats on 'em. They're afraid to look up for a fly ball for fear they'll see witches riding around on broomsticks. There never was such a hull lot of jinxes doing team work against any baseball club as the lot that's been queering the Rockhavens. Stout-hearted boys they are, too, every one of 'em, but with all this shenanigan going on, each one don't know whether he's going to be bumped off a bridge or tied down in front of a railroad train. 'Bullet Bill's' loss has been the last straw, and if we win the series it'll be a miracle."

"Cut the saffron talk!" exclaimed Wallace, in so fierce a tone that Kelly started back in amazement. "The miracle's got to happen. I never thought I'd hear you whine like that, Kelly. While you gave me that spiel I thought I'd not give you a chance to pitch in the series, but now I'm going to put you in this game today, and you've got to pitch your head off. I know that neither you nor Krieg is good for two games out of the series, but you pitch today and Krieg'll pitch tomorrow, and the third game's got to take care of itself. There's where the miracle's got to happen. All you've got to do today is to iron the whine out of your voice and get out there and bark at those players as if there wasn't such a thing as a care or a trouble in the world, so far as the Lilac Sox are concerned. No more of this talk about witches and black cats and jinxes, do you understand? That's the sort of thing that's been going on in the clubhouse, I'll bet a dollar, and that's liable to throw the club completely off its stride!"

Kelly had never before seen Wallace angry. The tall, light-haired law clerk had always seemed like the mildest-mannered of men. Occasionally he had put on a suit in baseball practice, when he had gone around the circuit with the team, and fungoed fly balls in a way that showed he knew how to handle the bat. But at any invitation to come out and indulge in any fielding, he always shook his head. He had proved Kate's greatest aid in handling the team's finances and attending to a thousand details which otherwise would have been overlooked.

Always, too, he seemed to come forward just at the right moment with a shrewd hint that worked out right. Kate never remembered getting a bit of advice from Wallace that proved unsound. He had begun with telling her what players to release or trade, and a large share of the team's success belonged to him. But Wallace seemed to enjoy seeing honors come to Kate. He gave his help and advice freely and unselfishly, because, as a matter of fact, he had fallen deeply in love with the manager of the Lilac Sox. Once at New Rochelle, when some satellite of that team had made a light remark about the Lilac Sox manager, young Wallace had straightened up across the table where he had been helping count the gate receipts. His fist had shot out across the table, and the jester had been knocked unconscious. Two or three others, who sprang to the rescue of the club employe, were met with such sturdy rights and lefts that they were glad to retreat in badly battered condition. The fight was hushed up and never came to Kate's ears, but the lesson had been taught, and there was an austerity about the conversation in the New Rochelle box office thereafter when the young secretary of the Rockhavens was about.

Shamefaced, and yet admitting the justice of all that had been said, Fox Kelly turned from Wallace's presence. He was astounded at the change that had come over the young secretary. Wallace had sloughed his lazy, rather indifferent attitude. His brows were drawn in a scowl, and his movements were quick and nervous. He fairly hurled his orders at the team, and something in the quality of his voice sent the players scurrying. He seemed to be everywhere at once, but his presence was most felt in practice, when he put the men through a hard drill, and congratulated himself that he had managed to counteract the effect of all the superstitious talk that had been going on. He felt that, if the team lost, it would not be through any lack of the fighting spirit.

Wallace sat on the bench, though not in uniform, and directed the first game of the series. The crowd was the largest in the history of the Corn Belt League. There was a huge delegation from Ossoway, which had come on a special train to see the series. The visiting enthusiasts were armed with all kinds of noise-making implements, and had practiced in their concerted use, with a view to rattling the Rockhaven pitchers.

The debonair manager of the Ossoways, just before the game was called, looked through the grand stand as if for the familiar lilac gleam that indicated Kate's presence. Lilac there was in plenty, for not only were the stylishly gowned women wearing gowns of that hue, but the loyal enthusiasts who were "rooting" for Rockhaven had brought lilac flags, and some of the squads from the schools even wore lilac hats. But Wilson saw that Kate was not in her accustomed seat near the press box in the grand stand. The seat was draped in lilac colors, but was vacant, and Wilson smiled with satisfaction. From this seat Kate had directed many a victory. As a matter of fact, she interfered very little with the team play, believing that any club that possessed a fair share of baseball brains would make better progress under a minimum of bench advice. But Kate believed in the psychology of impressions. Fox Kelly generally strolled over to her seat and had conferences with her through the meshes of the grand stand netting, at least two or three times during the course of the game. Generally the conversation was about the weather or the size of the crowd, but the spectators and the players on both teams imagined the woman manager was giving Fox some directions about "inside" baseball. The Rockhavens played with more confidence because of these conferences, and more than once a few inane words hurriedly passed between Kate and Fox, just before a critical inning, had sufficed to keep the opposing team guessing, and to cast the balance of victory in favor of the Rockhavens.

But, though there was no Kate in the grand stand to weave her psychological spell over players and audience, Wilson found he had to reckon with a shrewd baseball force in the light-haired youth who directed the Rockhaven affairs from the bench.

To Wilson's surprise, the Rockhavens never went on the field in jauntier spirit. As they dashed across the diamond they were greeted with a yell from the Rockhaven crowd that completely silenced all the efforts of the Ossoway delegation in the noise-making line.

"I thought you said we had the Lilac Sox's goat," growled Wilson to his field captain, McJames.

"Well, by golly, Colonel," said McJames, even more mystified than Wilson, "that's been the talk among the boys! Yesterday the Rockhavens were talking jinxes and hoodoos and Lord knows what not. A high school team could have licked 'em, since their manager disappeared. But now all of a sudden they're showin' more ginger than ever, Colonel, we've got to play ball today to beat that outfit."

The Rockhavens fought desperately and with certainty from the start. Old Fox Kelly, cheerful and replying to the rooting of the Ossoway spectators and the taunts of the Ossoway coachers with a wit that won him cheers and applause from the Lilac Sox enthusiasts, pitched a marvelous game. From some unsuspected reserve supply of strength he brought a speed that baffled the best hitters of the Ossoways. The pitching of the Fox had been a joke for weeks, so far as speed was concerned. The old man had succeeded in winning a majority of his games only by outguessing batters. But today he had more than cunning. The Ossoways thought his speed was only a flash, for that matter so did the watchful Wallace on the bench, who sat in amazement as Kelly flashed one swift ball after another over the plate and struck out at least one man an inning.

"I can't understand it, Colonel," said the sweating McJames, who had managed to pole a two-base hit in the seventh, with the score four to two in favor of the Rockhavens, but who had been caught by a swift throw from the resourceful figure on the rubber. "We've got so used to waiting for the Fox's slow ones that we're leanin' over backward when these fast ones come over the plate. I'd have bet my year's salary against a second-hand catching mitt that he never had that much speed in his system, even when he was a kid. But we'll get him sure in the next two innings."

But the Fox's arm only seemed to get better in the eighth, and the ninth found him with two runs to the good and with his despised arm working to perfection.

Wallace privately had sent "Kaiser Bill" Krieg instructions to take Brown and warm up behind the clubhouse, where Kelly could not see them. But this precaution was unnecessary. The Ossoways started what looked like a rally in the ninth. Burns, their hard-hitting center-fielder, caromed a long base hit off the right-field fence. Ordinarily it would have been good for two bases, but this was no ordinary day for Rockhaven. Judging the ricochet with a precision that was uncanny, the fleet Tresdell in right grabbed the ball and relayed it to second so quickly that Burns barely had time to halt between bases and beat his way back to first. The next batter sacrificed, and then McJames, stung by the harsh words of Wilson from the bench, drove a terrific liner at Kelly. The ball would have stretched Kelly unconscious had he not instinctively put his hand before his face. To his amazement the ball stuck in the glove. Turning, Kelly threw the ball to second and caught Burns by yards, completing a double play and giving the Rockhavens the victory.

Kelly had allowed the Ossoways only six hits, and had struck out eight men. The Rockhavens had gathered only five hits, but they had made every one count, as they had done in scores of games. The Old Fox grinningly received the plaudits of the crowd, but sought out Wallace in a quiet corner of the grounds and muttered, while he shook hands:

"It was that stinging up that you give me that done the business. I couldn't have let them Ossoways win. I'd died right there on the rubber first. But I'm all in, Wallace. My arm's dead as a mackerel that's been harvested four years. I kin hardly raise it high enough to shake hands. If anybody sprung a society handshake on me, I couldn't have got my fin above my forehead. Kaiser Bill's got to win his game tomorrow, or we lose the flag on the last day, unless you git some phenom to take my place, for I couldn't pitch another three innings to save my life. The candle's gone out. What you seen today was the last expiring flicker."

"Well, you sure went out in a blaze of glory, Kelly," responded Wallace, heartily. "See what the club masseur can do for you. Maybe your arm isn't so bad as you think. But anyway, we'll let that third game take care of itself. You've done your share, and if there isn't a handsome bonus for you, pennant or no pennant, my name's not Wallace."

But that night Wallace sent several telegrams, and waited feverishly for replies, for he knew that Kelly's words were true. The arm of the old pitcher never would last through another game, and it was manifestly impossible to hope for two straight games from "Kaiser Bill" Krieg. The betting at Misger's cigar store was three to one against the Rockhavens, and Wallace knew the odds were justified.

"Well, you put Weatherby out of business, and now you're going to reap the harvest, are you?" said Wallace to the red-haired Misger, as the busy cigar man stood behind his counter posting bets.

"You can't hold me responsible for that accident to 'Bullet Bill,'" growled Misger.

"It was just about as much of an accident as the kidnaping of Miss Kate Weston," returned Wallace, facing Misger with a look that made the cigar man blanch. "If I were a betting man, I'd not only take some of your three-to-one money against the Lilac Sox, but I'd make a new bet."

"What kind of a new bet?" asked Misger.

"That you were the right-hand man of Manager Wilson of the Ossoways in kidnaping Miss Weston," said Wallace, and then he turned and walked out of the room.

This clever story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

Saw the Truth.

Norah was a pretty servant girl in a suburban town. Every evening a number of foundry workmen, black and grimy, passed her place of employment on their way home. Eventually Norah came to know one of the younger workmen. Often he would stop and talk to her, and one day she told her mistress that she cared for him.

"By the way, Norah," said the mistress one afternoon, "I haven't seen that young foundryman for some time. What has become of him?"

"He don't stop here any more," answered Norah a little blushfully. "I told him that I didn't want him for steady company."

"I see," returned the mistress, musingly. "Did you have a quarrel?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," was the quick explanation of Norah. "He came here all dressed up one day, and when I saw him with his face washed I knew that I could never love him."

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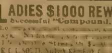

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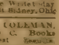

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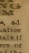

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COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Honesty always pays—but it's often slow.

Food for thought is found in empty cupboards.

Life without hope is like a house without a roof.

The perfect husband always belongs to another woman.

Many rich men have nothing but sympathy for the poor.

If fish could talk, anglers would have to revise their yarns.

It's easier to fall in love or a river than it is to climb out.

Even an artist may not be able to draw a matrimonial prize.

If nobody had too much then everybody might have enough.

Why is it that a big man always takes a little woman seriously?

It isn't every fancier who can tell a dogwood tree by its bark.

Be careful when it comes to lending money or borrowing trouble.

Does your conscience ever require an alarm clock to awaken it?

Busy men are usually so happy that they have no time to realize it.

Always aim higher than the mark—if the mark is a dimple in her chin.

A man isn't necessarily attached to a baby carriage because he follows it.

Most of the free advice is handed out by people who want to get rid of it.

Most men would rather get the short end of an argument than keep quiet.

After a man has turned down two or three opportunities, they begin to dodge him.

The gentleman with the cloven hoof may trot with the gentleman who has a cloven breath.

Some people never have any respect for gray hairs until they have acquired a few of their own.

Marriage may be a failure in some cases, but with the advent of twins it becomes a howling success.

We imagine the angels smile when they see a fisherman with a $25 outfit yanking a two-inch sucker from the water.

Yes, Cordelia, the drum major belongs to the band—even if he does give one the impression the band belongs to him.

A few weeks later, many a young wife wishes she could dispose of her stock in a matrimonial combine and get her old job back in the laundry.

From what a man thinks he knows, subtract what his neighbors think he knows, and the remainder will probably be about what he really does know.

Home and Health

Fashion Notes.

Nothing has ever replaced the knitted golf coat for golf players.

Sashes with flower-appliqued ends are among the prettiest novelties.

The eton collar of sheer organdy is a feature of the new blouses.

Multicolored picot edges to white ribbons are among the prettiest.

For those who possess lace scarfs, no matter what the shape or length, quality or type, the season's latest novelty reveals a liking for these frivolous neck or shoulder fixings for wear with the new gowns for dance and evening wear. Even the fluffs of tulle or maline which have been used all season in clouds of frothy white or in sunset tints of gorgeous colorings have their ends weighted by single metallic-threaded tassels or with silk-made roses in bouquet forms, each one concealing a silk-covered weight to keep it in position. Chiffon scarfs from two to four yards in length are worn in colors to match one's gown. These are a yard wide and have their ends trimmed with knotted fringes to match, from three to six inches in depth, or with embroideries of silver or gold done in leaf forms, or in conventional patterns. The laurel leaf is a favorite pattern; besides this, it is an Empire motif or a classical revivification, and in either case is a new note of perfect novelty. You wear the four and five-yard-length chiffon or tulle scarfs carried across the shoulders and then wound around your arms; thence the long ends are supposed to trail along the floor, accompanying the sweeping draperies of the evening gown with which the scarf is worn.

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Recipes.

EPICUREAN SALAD—Line a pretty cut glass or china salad dish with water cress; then heap on this one cupful of sliced, crisp celery, one onion sliced thin, one green pepper boiled and sliced, with seeds first discarded, a dozen blades of chives, two tablespoons of green nasturtium seed pods, two dozen round radishes cooked tender and sliced, a generous pinch of dry mustard, salt; smother in mayonnaise sauce and sprinkle with Roquefort cheese.

QUICK DESSERT—Beat two eggs, yolks and whites together, and turn into a cup. Fill the cup with sweet cream, add one cup of fine granulated sugar and one and one-half cups of flour in which three level teaspoons of baking powder have been sifted. Also a teaspoon of lemon flavoring. Bake in a round pan. When ready for use take a sharp knife, cut through the crust an inch from the edge and remove the crust and a part of the crumbs, leaving a thick shell of cake. Beat a cup of cream, sweeten and flavor it and fill the cake. This is nice if you happen to have a loaf of sponge cake in the house and you want to prepare a quick dessert.

VEAL TERRAPIN—Cut into wide dice sufficient lean cooked veal to measure a heaping pint. Melt in a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one large tablespoon of chopped onion, and cook slowly for ten minutes without browning. Add one tablespoon and a half of flour, cook two minutes, then stir in gradually one cupful and a half of hot milk. When smoothly thickened add the meat, salt and pepper to season and simmer for fifteen minutes. Add the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs cut fine, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, and two tablespoonfuls of sherry, and serve garnished with olives.

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Breathing Exercises.

Breathing exercises are of great value, most easily practiced, and give excellent results. It is not necessary to have an elaborate system. The nostrils are the proper organs of breathing. Man, unlike some other animals, is capable of breathing through the mouth if the nostrils are obstructed, and many from habit or debility continually do so—a practice, whether by day or by night, attended with many evils, whereas every breath of air a man inhales through his nostrils is a breath of life.

One exercise, repeated fifty or a hundred times a day, requiring no more than ten minutes altogether, is of the greatest advantage, and can be done out-of-doors as well as in, at almost any season of the year. It consists of inhaling through the nostrils a deep breath, retaining it a few seconds, and then, with the lips adjusted as if one intended to whistle, expelling it slowly through the contracted orifice. There is no physiological objection to exhaling through the mouth; there are no muscles whereby the course of the breath can be restrained through the nostrils; but the lips contain sufficient muscular strength for this purpose. If students would rise from their studies, bookkeepers from their desks, women from their sewing or reading, two or three times a day, and take from fifteen to thirty such breaths, the result would surprise them.

A REAL HELP TO THE FARMER

You have probably taken many farm papers in your time and after reading them a while dropped them because they were not helping you. There are many publications that try to tell you how to do things that you know more about yourself; naturally, you get absolutely no good out of them. But here is a publication that helps you where you need help. It helps you solve problems that you are not as familiar with as you probably would like to be.

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For the Entire Family

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Or, IN WAR-WRECKED BELGIUM

By WELDON J. COBB

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE searchlight glow never wavered. It held the scudding airship in a direct focus. Bob tried to make out what was going on earthwards. He found this to be impossible. The dazzling rays of light obscured all sense of vision outside of its piercing radius.

"They're shooting!" cried the excited Ned, and the sharp rattle of bullets beat like hailstones against the framework of the machine.

The operator snarled, showing his teeth. He shook a futile fist in the direction of the camp. Then he saw that he could not get out of range speedily enough to avert damage and peril. He gave the wheel a jerk. His plan was apparent—to get beyond the camp, instead of trusting to the denser layer of haze still far overhead.

His course set, he reached down for another of the bombs. Bob shuddered as he watched him light the fuse. The man leaned over the edge of the machine as if bent on letting the deadly device drop where it would do the most damage, and then a terrible thing happened.

A bullet from below struck the operator. He did not cry out, but made a kind of spasmodic jerk. The machine veered as his hand left the control and threw his body off its balance. Over the edge of the machine he went, hurtling through the air, for a moment outlined by the searchlight glow, and then enveloped in darkness as his body shot downward.

Not a word was spoken by any of the boys. They were numbed, appalled. Bob had to turn to view the camp now, for the direct west course taken by the machine was fast carrying them out of range of the rifles and out of the focus of the searchlight. A strong head wind rather steadied than obstructed the craft, but some stray shots followed them, and, directly at the seeming threshold of safety, there came an ominous hiss.

"They've hit the gas bag!" shouted out Ned.

The machine wobbled. The bulky bag overhead gave a queer-sounding flap. The lower structure quivered, and there was an ominous snap.

"Something broke," voiced Tom, sharply.

"It is dropping," said Hans.

"Can't we do something?" propounded Loomp. "A runaway or a fall means a smash."

"I've had some experience in handling a monoplane," began Bob, but not over-confidently.

"You had better put your ability to the test, then," suggested Loomp.

Bob climbed out of the freight pit and dropped in the seat by the pilot post. From the way the machine was aiming, he knew that the control airlines were swinging free. As his hand touched the wheel there was a hard snap that made the machine squiver. Bob traced the source. One of the right outermost struts between the operating planes had cracked. The strain had probably pulled the nail heads through the holes, and the vibration of the motor caused the tail to wobble and swing about.

The tips of the wings were warping from the strain and the whole balance was disturbed by the swaying of the perforated gas bag.

Bob made a hard effort to bring the left wing under control by forcing the tension to the right side. Meantime the gas bag, becoming fast exhausted, was trailing in the wind, and if it struck the tail there would surely be a bad mix-up, they might "turn turtle" and spill out.

"I've got to get the rudder to counterbalance," decided Bob. "Can't make it!" and he threw off the power.

The craft was now in a bad tangle. An experienced aviator might have saved the situation, but Bob was no expert. He had gone as far as his knowledge directed. The craft was headed on a volplane on a slant of about thirty-five degrees. The German camp was far to their rear now. They had flown over the river, they could see that, and below them spread a broad stretch of valley. In the distance it seemed to be dotted with points of light.

"Another camp," Bob decided, then he jumped back from the pilot seat. "Fellows," he spoke quickly, "we're in a fix."

"Yes, I guess we're going to hit some time soon," said Ned. "What's the program?"

Bob looked down over the edge of the machine. They were about four hundred feet up now, but rapidly descending. The machine was passing over a stretch of high trees, which at a distance resembled a cluster of thick bushes.

"Get ready," ordered Bob, making up his mind as to what was best to do. "We're going to drop. All of you—jump! jump!"

Bob shot out the words quick and snappy. The machine was diving straight for the tops of the trees. The wheels struck, grazed and the machine slightly righted. The contact drove the nose of the craft upright, and the bulky mass began to lift.

Bob cast his eye rapidly over the group about him. Each one was posed, ready to follow his order.

"Now!" shouted Bob.

"Here!"

"Here!"

"Here!"

The triple report, almost unanimous, was welcome music to Bob. He dropped over the edge of the pit and sprawled out across a network of branches.

"I'm all right," sounded the voice of Loomp.

"Donner! tonnerre! thunder!" came in jerky, spasmodic accents from Hans, dropping through a leafy screen and then landing in a limb crotch.

"All safe!" shouted out Bob, cheerily.

"Except the balloon—look at her!" cried Ned.

They could scan outlines and objects in that clear lower air. The tree in which they had found refuge stood near to the edge of a thicket, towering above others. There had been bumps, scratches and other disturbing discomfort, but it proved only momentary. The queerly bestowed coterie forgot everything just then except the disappearing balloon.

Over toward the west there was some kind of a glare, but its source was shut out by a low ridge of hills. For the first time the boys observed this, for the aircraft was making in that direction. The machine had taken a new spurt, now rid of its ballast, there still being some supporting power to the gas bag.

"Looks like there was a town," observed Ned.

"Or a camp," suggested Bob.

They were all engrossed in watching the drifting mass. It disappeared beyond their view.

"Well, that's over, and mighty lucky for us," spoke up Ned, with a sigh half of relief.

"It's been like a movie show," added Tom.

"We'd better get down to earth, I guess," said Bob, "and find out where we're at."

The suggestion was dexterously followed on the part of the Boy Scouts, whose knowledge of woodcraft came into practical play. Hans made a muddle of the descent. He slipped from the branch nearest to the ground and landed flat, with a grunt of disapprobation of proceedings in general.

"Noses counted and all in fine trim," chirped Ned, and moved about, stretching his cramped limbs with a great deal of satisfaction.

"Yes, and what next, that's the question?" propounded Tom. "Where are we, and what are we doing in this hocus-pocus of happenings?"

"What's this?" challenged Bob.

The words were jerked out of him, for he had stumbled over some object under the tree.

"It's our safety anchor and life preserver in the midst of a dark and unknown country!" proclaimed Miles.

"The mess kit!" shouted Ned! "Saved—saved, on the brink of starvation!"

"Yes, I flung it out of the airship before I jumped," explained Miles, with an air of profound importance.

CHAPTER IX.

EVENTS had come and gone so rapidly that there had been a surfeit of sensation during the past three hours. One and all of the group felt a certain buoyancy amid the reaction of the moment. Both novelty and expectation were in this strange climax to their aviation career, and the sober realities did not strike them yet with full force.

Bob allowed the others to fling themselves on the greensward, luxuriating in full-length rest. In two minutes Hans was asleep. Ned and the others kept up a running fire of comment upon their recent adventures and guesswork as to how it would end.

"There's something to think out just here," reflected the young leader of the little coterie. "The unfortunate thing is that we don't know where we are."

Bob paced up and down under the trees for a full five minutes. The only points of the compass that interested him were east and west. Ahead of them the glow they had seen indicated a camp. Behind them, at no great distance, he knew was the river.

To the south, along its winding length was Verdun, and at Verdun he had reason to believe was the Professor. Boy-like, despite the peril of detention and imprisonment, Bob felt that their place was with Professor Deane. Loyalty directed this impulse in the first place. Again, the wisdom of the old savant must be the safest guide, away from home and friends and among warlike people.

Bob thought out a very pretty and specious plan as to immediate progress. He strolled back to the crowd.

"See here, fellows," he began, but there was a sudden interruption.

"No, look there!" shouted Ned at the top of his voice, springing to his feet, and all the others except Hans followed his example.

Ned pointed at a brilliant glare. Right on its heels there came a crash. Light and noise proceeded from the direction the airship had taken.

"It's a bomb!" cried Tom.

"And it sounds just like the one the airship man exploded," added Miles.

"The mischief!" gasped Bob.

There had come another glare. It was followed by a second report, sharp, spiteful, snarling. All hands stood spellbound, but thrilling with excitement.

"I can figure it out," began Bob, but only to be again interrupted. There had come a series of new explosions—fierce, rapid detonating. Then there was one final explosion, as though a dozen big fieldpieces had fired in unison. The echoes of the vast air upheaval made the ground tremble, and affrighted birds and animals in their near vicinity.

"I will wager that those are the bombs in the airship," declared Bob, silence at length enabling him to express what he had started to say.

"How do you make that out?" inquired Ned.

"There must be a camp over beyond that stretch of hills," reasoned Bob. "The machine probably dropped on a tent where there was a light——"

"Or into a campfire," interrupted Ned.

"Exactly that," assented Bob. "There must have been a scattering. I had a plan to suggest, fellows, but those terrific explosions knocked it out of my head."

"Why not sleep over it?" suggested Tom, with a drowsy yawn.

"Hardly," answered Bob. "We're in a hard quandary, and we want to be sensible and level-headed in finding the best way out of the dilemma."

"That's business," commended Loomp. "Give us an idea what you've figured out."

"I haven't figured out much of anything," confessed Bob. "I think, though, you will all agree that the first move we ought to make is to try and get near the Professor."

"You're right—we're unanimous on that, sure," spoke out Ned.

"The airship must have taken us quite a distance south," said Bob, "which means that we are a good deal nearer to Verdun than we were when we left Ehrle. The river goes as far as Verdun and beyond it, according to the map."

"Yes, I happen to know that is true," said Loomp.

"It's our best guide, then," continued Bob. "My idea is to strike east and reach the river. According to my recollection, it was some miles, maybe four or five, from the point where the first bomb was dropped."

"That's a fair guess," agreed Ned.

"It's about double the distance from here. We know there are Germans beyond the river."

"Yes, the poor fellow who thought he was doing a patriotic duty was a Belgian," added Loomp. "Those ahead of us here may be Germans, too."

"If that is so, we are between two fires," reasoned Bob. "I suppose some of you are tired and sleepy. My idea is to run no risks spying on the camps or going near them, but to get to the river, rest up, try to find out how far it is to Verdun, hide daytimes and travel nights."

"A good plan," voted Ned, at once.

"And as you are the grand supreme foreign scout master," added Tom, "it goes."

"Get up, Hans," ordered Ned, going over to their slumbering guide and touching him with his foot.

"Donner!" lamented the rotund and contented Hans, with a broken snore. "I was home, and now it is this!"

Bob told him of their decision, and Hans at once became the sturdy, uncomplaining guide he had been hired out to be. He took the lead, as was his wont, and trudged sturdily forward in the direction of the river.

It was an easy hike for the trained Boy Scouts, and not particularly arduous to Hans. During the entire tramp they did not come upon a single habitation except where an old mill stood in ruins, looking as if abandoned half a century before.

"We are near," pronounced Hans, finally, and his comrades recognized the fact, too, by "signs." The croaking of frogs was one of these. Besides, the route was leading them along the distant valley slant.

At the particular point whence they first made out a broad river stretch, there was a swampy expanse with high reeds. They had to do some wading. Then they came upon firmer ground, and finally they reached the direct edge of the broad, flowing stream. Bob looked at his watch as they halted.

"It's three o'clock," he announced, "and it will soon be daylight. We can't reconnoiter until then. We're safe so far."

"Yes, we'd better make camp," suggested Ned, gazing up and down the monotonous expanse of lowland and water. "Shelter, I suppose, is out of the question."

"I don't know that," dissented Bob, peering down shore at an object that had attracted his attention. "There's something that looks like a water craft of some kind."

"Yes, it's a hut or a boat," said Ned, pressing close to his comrade's side and peering also.

"Make a scout and see what it is, will you?" suggested Bob.

"Sure thing," and Ned, in true Boy Scout fashion, struck off with a stealthy stride, as systematically as if on home camp duty.

CHAPTER X.

NED was gone only a few minutes. He came hastening back full of animation, made the regular salute to Bob, and stood heels touching and straight as a poker, in a pose of true military precision.

"Have to report quarters found," he announced. "Old barge with a hold to it. Used to carry hay. Should say abandoned."

"Very good," nodded Bob, "if there is nobody near it we may as well take possession for the night."

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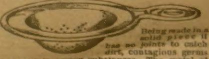

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"There doesn't seem to be anybody in sight or hearing," vouchsafed Ned.

"Just the thing!" voted Loomp, as they neared the unwieldy float and a cursory inspection was made. "Yes, it's one of those river barges they carry baled hay on. It doesn't look as though it is in regular use just now, though."

The deck of the craft was littered with stray strands of hay. There was an open hatchway, the cover being secured with an automatic clutch. This Ned threw back, and flashed his electric tube down into the darkness.

"Here's a notched post," he said, "and it's about seven feet down to the bottom. Nothing but darkness," he added, after descending and making a tour of inspection.

The others followed him in due time. The hold was empty, but at some time or other, it looked, had been used to store and transport grain and fuel.

At the stern end of the hold there were four small windows, set in the slanting end. They were not more than four inches square and were sashless.

"There's some air here and it's cozy," said Bob. "There's enough loose hay on deck to make a comfortable bed. I think we had better bunk in."

"Good!" enthused Ned. "I'm pretty well tired out for one, and a snooze will be luxury."

The hay on the deck was forthwith gathered up and thrown down through the hatchway. Then it was spread on the floor of the hull directly under the stern window, where a current of fresh air afforded good ventilation.

"A—ah! this is worth while," droned Miles, stretching his full length with great satisfaction.

They were glad enough to be housed and comfortable, and no one was wide awake enough to care to discuss the situation or the prospects of the morrow. Miles cracked one or two jokes. Hans went through his usual characteristic comment on the misfortunes hovering and to come. Then all hands settled down and profound silence reigned.

Bob was conscious that it was hours afterward when he was gently aroused. He blinked as he opened his eyes. It was broad daylight, and the sun was streaming in at the four little windows in the stern. One arm was being shaken, and he recognized Loomp, sitting up, his face mystery-laden and excited.

"Don't call out!" warned Loomp, in a hushed whisper. "Get further away from the windows."

"Why—what—" began Bob, rubbing his eyes and then staring confusedly about him.

"Something's up, advised Loomp. "I've been watching."

"Who—what?"

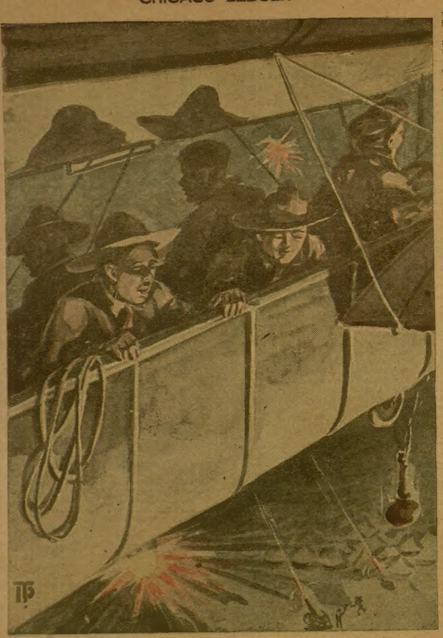
"Get away from the windows," advised Loomp, pulling Bob's arm, and they both moved toward the bow of the craft. "We don't want to be overheard."

"Why, by whom?" asked Bob.

"The fellows outside there."

"Oh, then, there is somebody outside?" said Bob.

"Yes, soldiers—Germans."



"They're shooting!" cried the excited Ned.

"You don't say so? Oh, yes," added Bob, with a start.

He bent his ear, for the distinct echo of human voices floated in through the open windows.

"I woke up as something bumped against the side of the barge," here explained Loomp. "I crept up to the windows and looked out. An officer and five soldiers were rowing a yawl alongside us. They ran their boat ashore and then came aboard. The first thing they did was to fling the hatchway cover shut. Then they moved about as if looking over the scow and discussing its use for some purpose or other."

"You couldn't find out what it was?" inquired Bob.

"Just this much! They intend to use the scow to carry some stuff further down the river—some kind of fodder for horses, I should judge. They're getting ashore again. Cautious, now!"

Loomp moved toward the stern, and Bob joined him. They kept well back in the shadow and silently listened and watched.

"There they go," whispered Loomp, as a yawl passed across their range of vision, making for the opposite shore, the officer and soldiers Loomp had described as passengers.

"They don't look very dangerous," observed Bob, as he noticed that they were smoking and chatting like men on a picnic occasion, rather than as fierce, bloodthirsty warriors seeking whom they might destroy.

"They would hardly harm us," replied Loomp. "I can talk their language, and we might put up a convincing explanation as to our being here. They would probably detain us, and if this particular group know about that Professor of yours they might shut us up for a time. War is no respecter of person, you know."

"I think we had better lie low and keep away from them," said Bob, and he proceeded to wake up the others.

"I reckon we want to get out of here if you think those soldiers are going to return at once," suggested Ned.

"We've got to, anyhow," observed Miles, "if we expect to get anything of a breakfast."

"Commissary busted?" intimated Tom.

"Not entirely, but close quarters outside of a little bread and a short supply of dried beef," reported Miles.

All hands got ready to give up their present quarters.

"We'll make down stream on this side and trust to luck to run across some provender," said Bob.

Ned was first under the hatchway. He climbed up the notched post.

"I [illegible] what they shut this for," he remarked. "Huh! it doesn't give so easy."

Ned scrunched and got a good purchase on the under side of the hatch cover.

"Why, it won't budge," he reported.

"Heavy, probably," said Bob. "Here, let me help."

He got up beside Ned and their feet fairly interlaced.

"Now, then," ordered Ned.

"Give it up—no use," declared Bob. "Don't you see?"

"What?"

"Those fellows have locked it on the outside."

"Tonnerre!—donner!—thunder!" shouted Hans. "You don't mean to say we're shut in here!"

"Like rats in an old ship," added Ned.

"Well, this is fine!" commented Loomp. "You can't move it?" he inquired, a trifle anxiously, as Ned and Bob descended.

They shook their heads negatively in unison. Bob surveyed the heavy hatchway calculatingly. Then he looked about the hold. His thoughts were of a loose timber that might be used as a battering-ram. There was not so much as a stray splinter in sight, however.

Loomp looked a trifle upset. He proceeded to the little rear window. Out of one of them he thrust his head as far as it would go.

"What's the prospect?" in an uncertain tone questioned Bob, pressing to his side.

"Nothing doing, I fancy," was the prompt and decisive response. "There's a stout hawser right overhead that runs to an iron stake driven in the ground ten feet away. I guess we'll have to wait till those soldiers come back in the way of any chance for getting out of this."

"You think they'll come?"

"Oh, sure, that. I can reckon from what little I overheard of their conversation that they are either going to get the barge across the river near their camp, or load it here from yawls."

"I wish we could force the hatchway open," said Bob.

"I don't think it possible," replied Loomp. "When we first came on deck here I noticed that it had a stout hasp lock."

"It will be worse still when they pile a lot of heavy stuff upon it when they load up the barge," suggested Bob.

"Then there are only one or two things to do," observed Loomp.

"What are they?" asked Bob.

"Either to make ourselves known when the soldiers come back, and have them let us out and trust to luck as to what they will do with us, or to make a break in some other direction."

Bob studied the face of this energetic new friend closely. It bore an expression that was at once puzzling and excited.

"What do you mean by some other direction?" inquired Bob.

"Well, there may be a way of getting out of this fix before the Germans come back."

"I don't see any."

"If you'll leave it to me, I may think out something," spoke Loomp, rather mysteriously. "Suppose you leave it to me. On my initiative, now, I might find a way——"

"Go right ahead. You know how to do things, that's sure," and Bob went back to the others as Ned called to him.

Ned had a scheme. He was for all hands taking turns in mounting the notched post and hacking away with the sharp cooking knife Miles had in his kit at the under side of the hatchway. This, he claimed, might make an orifice big enough to reach through and unset the outside fastening.

They were discussing the pros and cons of the suggestion when there came a sudden sway, a lurching of the barge.

"Why," shouted Bob in surprise, "we're afloat!"

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming year.

* * *

Spoiled His Poem.

"Bill," the poet gasped, staggering into his friend's room.

"Why, what's wrong?" the friend inquired, starting as he grasped hold of the tottering man.

"Wrong!" the poet muttered. "Ye gods! I wrote a poem about my little boy. I began the first verse with these lines:

"'My son! My pigmy counterpart!'"

"Yes? Yes?"

The poet drew a long breath as he took a newspaper from his pocket.

"Read!" he blazed suddenly. "See what that criminal compositor did to my opening line."

The friend read aloud:

"My son! my pig, my counterpart!"

* * *

An Editor's Advice.

An authoress of some note in her day once asked a famous editor to give his opinion on a book which she intended to publish. In her letter she said:

"If the work is not up to the mark I beg you will tell me so, as I have other irons in the fire; and should you think this not likely to succeed, I can bring out something else."

Having read over several pages of the manuscript, the editor returned it with the following brief remark:

"Madam, I would advise you to put this where your irons are."

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Feet of Clay.

(Continued from page four.)

He frowned and walked along in pensive silence. By the time he reached the Cliff House his mind was made up. There was no other course than the one he had chosen. The vision of Rose Waldo's face rose up before him to stiffen his resolution. She had trusted him—believed in him—and not for worlds would he break that illusion. It were better that he should go away at once and forget that he had ever visited White Cliffs.

"No, he could not forget it; he would always remember it—and the face that now haunted him. In the quietness of his suite of rooms he counted his cash once more, and tried to make a mental calculation of his resources. He was already indebted to Big Bill for more than he could scrape together. If he left without paying his hotel bill, Rose would hear of it, and her faith in him receive a severe shock.

Whichever way he turned it seemed as if he was bound to hurt her. After her confession to him, would she not expect him to remain in White Cliffs to help her? To slip away without further communication with her was not a very honorable method of returning her confidences.

"I'll hang on a few days," he decided. "I must see Rose again."

There was no immediate need for any outlay of cash. His introduction by Griffith, and the friendship that old Waldo had shown him, would square him in the eyes of the hotel proprietor so that he would not be called upon to pay anything in advance. His explanations about his baggage were satisfactory, and several days might elapse before any further questions concerning it need be expected.

"Meanwhile, I'll eat and drink and take things easy at the expense of my landlord," he mused, stretching himself comfortably on a porch chair.

He was the cynosure of all eyes. His coming had created considerable comment and discussion, and he knew how to bestow his smiles and discreet remarks in quarters where they would do the most good. He spent a pleasant afternoon and evening getting acquainted, holding a sort of levee on the hotel piazza and in the barroom where all attended his court without charge.

The following morning Harrowby decided to take a brisk walk around the town and in the suburbs, intending to end up at the home of the town treasurer. He directed his footsteps toward the clay cliffs where the day before he had aroused the hopes and cupidity of Thomas Waldo.

He smiled as he picked up a handful of the soft clay and permitted it to slip slowly through his fingers. For a time he was unconscious of the presence of another, but upon looking up he saw a pair of eyes watching him furtively. Ed Griffith had either followed or accidentally stumbled across him.

"Mighty fine clay, ain't it?" greeted the hack owner, coming forward now that he was discovered. "I've often thought we could use it for something an' make money."

"Brick-making, you mean?"

"Well, no, not that exactly," scratching his head. "Ain't much money in bricks. I thought perhaps—perhaps—what d'you think of it?"

Harrowby regarded him silently. The temptation to plant a seed in the mind of the man was too great for his resistance. Leaning forward and tapping him on the shoulder, he replied in a low, solemn voice:

"I think, Mr. Griffith, that great wealth is often found lying around our back yards waiting for some lucky man to come along and pick it up. Most people go away to find natural resources and overlook those at their very feet. I knew a man who sold his farm to go to the Klondike to dig gold, and when he came back, penniless the land he sold for a song was spouting oil. If he'd stayed at home he'd been a millionaire."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Griffith, his eyes bulging with astonishment.

Harrowby nodded and smiled.

"A little Western town," he added, "was built over a big deposit of quicksilver, but the inhabitants didn't know it until an engineer came along and bought up most of the land dirt cheap, and made a huge fortune in mining. The people who had always lived there, and didn't take the trouble to investigate, grumbled at their hard luck. But it wasn't luck, Mr. Griffith; it was—it was—what shall we call it?—ignorance and—and slothfulness."

"Yep! That's it! Some people are plumb lazy and slothful!" Griffith came nearer and ran his finger through the soft clay, a strange light shining in his eyes. "Now this clay," he continued, "might be a gold mine, eh?"

"Yes," Harrowby nodded, "but gold isn't usually found in clay. Gold isn't the only metal that makes wealth. There's silver, copper, iron, tin, lead, platinum, manganese, cobalt, silicon, and a lot of others."

"Say, be you a mining engineer?" interrupted Griffith eagerly.

Harrowby smiled. "I've included that among my other studies. A promoter must be an expert in a great variety of things, or he will get stung too frequently to be pleasant. I've bought and sold a lot of mines in my day. It's all a part of the game."

The excitement grew in the eyes of the man listening. Suddenly he clutched Harrowby's arm and whispered:

"I own a lot of this clay land—me and Bud Griswold and old Waldo. Now, if there's any of them things you've just mentioned in it, we'd be willing to do the right thing by you if you could put us unto making a fortune from it. I've been holding it dirt cheap—you could have bought it at ten dollars an acre—but I ain't going to sell it now. You've just fired me into believing there's a fortune right down here in White Cliffs for some man to pick up. And I want to be the man!"

Harrowby's manner suddenly changed from warmth to cold indifference.

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Griffith," he replied. "I didn't say there was anything of value in this clay. I don't know that there is. I was merely recalling a few instances that came under my notice of people overlooking great natural resources at home while they roamed the world chasing will-o'-wisps."

He moved away to resume his walk. Griffith looked crestfallen and disappointed, and caught desperately at his arm again.

"But you ain't going away without looking into it, be you now?" he gasped hopefully.

"Perhaps I will examine the clay more carefully later. But not now. I'm out for a morning's stroll. Good morning, Mr. Griffith!"

He left the hack owner standing at the foot of the cliff, puzzled and bewildered, but dreaming visions of wealth that completely changed the appearance of his face. A short distance away, Harrowby turned to glance back at him; he was still standing there, slipping little streams of white clay through his fingers.

"That's for spying on me, my friend," Harrowby remarked with a grin. "You deserve a lesson to teach you manners. If it wasn't for Rose I'd make you pay dearly for it."

This most interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

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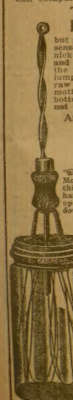
Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

SANITARY Food Whip AND EGG BEATER

We are giving this wonderful new invention—a combined egg beater and food whip—to our subscribers. No ordinary egg beater can compare with it, for

This is not just an EGG BEATER



but a **FOOD WHIP** in the fullest sense of the word. The eight nickel plated wires work back and forth, cutting and whipping the food till every particle and lump is separated. (Will whip a raw banana into a cream.) This motion holds the food at the bottom of the jar so that it cannot spatter or rise to the top.

After using, simply rinse under faucet

No cogs or crevices to collect dirt or grease—ball bearing—runs so smoothly, quietly and easily that it can be operated by a child.

We Show the Food Whip Here Ready For Use

It Fits Any Mason Jar.

Here is a selected and abbreviated list of those uses for which the Sanitary Food Whip is especially adapted.

Coffee with whipped cream, eggnog, frappe, milk punch, buchwheat cakes, cornstarch pudding, preparing infants' food, omelets, mayonnaise salads, creaming butter and sugar, custards, puddings.

A Special Offer

Send us 50 cents for a six months' subscription to The Blade or Ledger and we will send you the food whip, all charges prepaid.

The Blade and Ledger,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Could Understand.

Many a sly and crafty foreigner has shielded himself from trouble by affecting not to understand the language spoken to him.

A Chinaman was brought before a magistrate in a court of a Canadian city and received a fine for a slight misdemeanor. The judge had great difficulty in making the Oriental understand, for he pretended not to know a word of English.

"Look here, man," he said, disgustedly, "that is one dollar. Do you see? Pay it—otherwise, in jail! Understand?" The Chinaman signified that he did not understand, and the magistrate repeated it.

"Let me talk with him, your honor," said the portly officer who had arrested the man. "I'll make him understand!"

When the judge had given him leave, the officer approached the Chinaman and shouted in his ear, "Say, you with the teakettle face, can't you hear anything? You've got to pay a two-dollar fine!"

"You're a liar!" cried the Chinaman, forgetting himself in his rage. "It's only one dollar!"

* * *

Made a Cleanup.

"So your cook left you without any warning?"

"Yes, and without any spoons."

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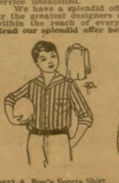
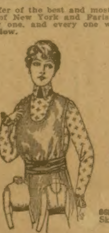
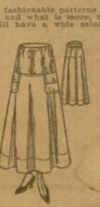
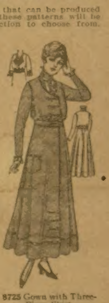
The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

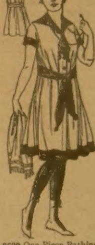
We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**

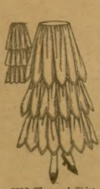

8623-A Boy's Sports Shirt, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.

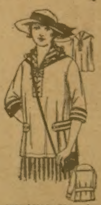

8723 Blouse with or without Over-Bodice, 34 to 42 bust.

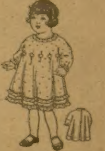

8691 Two- or Three-Piece Skirt with Yoke, 24 to 32 waist.


8725 Gown with Three-Piece Skirt. 34 to 42 bust.


8699 One-Piece Bathing Suit, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust.


8718 Flounced Skirt, 24 to 30 waist.


8727 Middy Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.


8728 Child's One-Piece Dress. 2 to 6 years.

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Here is the way we will do it. To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

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Storyettes

His Precaution.

Mr. Rouzier Dorcierese of Paris, who has fought many duels and directed over 200 others, enjoys telling the following story: Two gentlemen who had decided to settle a quarrel on the field of honor betook themselves with their seconds to a quiet country spot, where they would be free from reporters, photographers and spectators, and where the only witnesses would be some cows peaceably grazing in the field. While the necessary preliminaries were being carried out the farmer on whose land they were rushed up.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, "but is it a sword or pistol duel?"

"Sword. But what difference can that make to you?"

"Well, you see, if it was with pistols, I'd want to take the cows in first."

◆

The Only One.

A benevolent and pious old lady in one of the streets which still retain the red brick houses of old time New York looked out her parlor window one day and saw a man walking up and down the sidewalk, apparently in great dejection. There was something pathetic and appealing in his manner; so she took a dollar bill, put it in an envelope, and wrote on the envelope, "Never say die." She slipped out of the house in the most casual manner she could assume and handed the envelope to the man as she passed him. Next day the same melancholy man called at her house and presented her with ten dollars. "It's funny," he said, "you're the only one that backed that horse called 'Never Say Die.'"

◆

A Natural Mistake.

General Joffre once told a good-humored story of a party of four British tourists who entered a Paris restaurant one evening and announced that they wanted dinner.

"And we don't want any of your frogs, or snails, or horses," one of them told the waiter, severely. "We'll start with soup—some sort of plain soup."

"Certainly, sir," replied the waiter, and next minute the four Britons heard him shout down the speaking tube to the kitchen: "Cat soup!"

Without a word the tourists seized their hats and bolted. It was not until some time later that they discovered that in French "four soups"—"quatres soupes"—is pronounced almost exactly like "cat soup."

◆

Appropriate Music.

One afternoon a party named Bowers had business at a State penitentiary in the West, and on returning he spoke of the visit to a number of friends.

"The prisoners down there," said Bowers, "were having some kind of Saturday afternoon holiday, with a brass band and speeches to match. And say, maybe the leader of that band wasn't some wonder in the choice of appropriate music! What do you suppose he was playing?"

"Search me," responded one of the friends. "Some sad hymn, I presume."

"He was not!" declared Bowers, emphatically. "He was playing 'This Is the Life.'"

◆

The Blacksmith's Reply.

It happened that Dean Swift, having been dining at some little distance from Laracor, his residence, was returning home on horseback one evening, which was very dark. Just before he reached a neighboring village his horse lost a shoe. Unwilling to run the risk of laming the animal by continuing his ride in that direction, he stopped at one Kelly's, the blacksmith of the village, where, having called the man, he asked him if he could shoe a horse with a candle.

"No," replied the son of Vulcan, "but I can with a hammer."

◆

In Spite of Him.

When Sir J. M. Grierson's funeral procession was wending its way toward the gates of the Glasgow cemetery the crowd of spectators was very great and the police had some difficulty in preserving order and repressing the untoward curiosity of some of them, mainly old women.

"Aweel," indignantly exclaimed one venerable dame to a policeman who barred her further progress, "ye may keep me oot the noo, but the day'll come when I'll gang up in spite o' ye."

◆

Her Prayer.

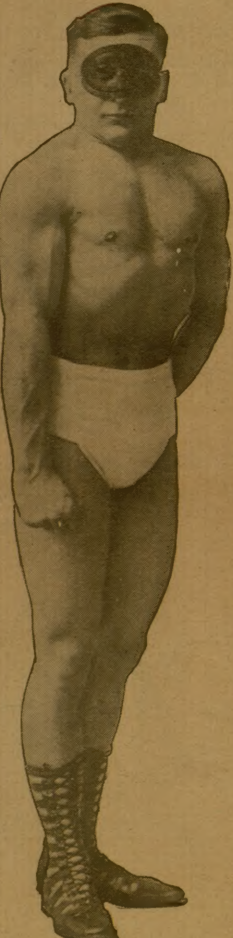
A Scots visitor after listening to a violent onslaught on the Kaiser by a woman whose son is at the front—the Kaiser being described as "the old blackguard"—ventured to suggest that we should love our enemies and pray for them.

"Oh, but I pray for him, too."

"What do you say?"

"I say, 'Oh, Lord, deal with that old blackguard, saften his hert, and damp his powther.'"

THIN FOR YEARS—
"GAINS 22 POUNDS IN 23 DAYS"



"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days."

"Sargol has put just 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. D. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."

"I weighed 132 pounds when I commenced taking Sargol. After taking 20 days I weighed 144 pounds. Sargol is the most wonderful preparation for flesh building I have ever seen," declares D. Martin, and J. Meier adds: "For the past twenty years I have taken medicine every day for indigestion and got thinner every year. I took Sargol for forty days and feel better than I have felt in twenty years. My weight has increased from 150 to 170 pounds."

When hundreds of men and women—and there are hundreds, with more coming every day—living in every nook and corner of this broad land voluntarily testify to weight increases ranging all the way from 10 to 35 pounds given them by Sargol, you must admit, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Thin Reader, that there must be something in this Sargol method of flesh building after all.

Hadn't you better look into it, just as thousands of others have done? Many thin folks say, "I'd give most anything to put on a little extra weight," but when someone suggests a way they exclaim: "Not a chance. Nothing will make me plump. I'm built to stay thin." Until you have tried Sargol, you do not and cannot know that this is true.

Sargol has put pounds of healthy "stay there" flesh on hundreds who doubted, and in spite of their doubts. You don't have to believe in Sargol to grow plump from its use. You just take it and watch weight pile up, hollows vanish and your figure round out to pleasing and normal proportions. You weigh yourself when you begin and again when you finish and you let the scales tell the story.

Sargol is absolutely harmless. It is a tiny concentrated tablet. You take one with every meal. It mixes with the food you eat for the purpose of separating all of its flesh producing ingredients. It prepares these fat making elements in an easily assimilated form, which the blood can readily absorb and carry all over your body. Plump, well-developed persons don't need Sargol to produce this result. Their assimilative machinery performs its functions without aid. But thin folks' assimilative organs do not. This fatty portion of their food now goes to waste through their bodies like unburned coal through an open grate A few days' test of Sargol in your case will surely prove whether or not this is true of you. Isn't it worth trying?

50c. BOX FREE

To enable any thin reader, 10 pounds or more under weight, to easily make this test, we will give a 50c. box of Sargol absolutely free. Either Sargol will increase your weight or it won't, and the only way to know is to try it. Send for this Free Test Package to-day, inclosing 10c. in silver or stamps to help pay the postage, packing, etc., and a full size 50c. package will be sent by return mail free of charge. Mail this coupon with your letter to the SARGOL CO., 100-G HERALD BUILDING, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of symmetrical proportions, if you want to gain some solid pounds of healthy "stay there" flesh, if you want to increase your weight to normal—weigh what you should weigh—accept this Free 50c. Package today.

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This coupon entitles any person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in silver in letter today, with coupon and the full 50c. package will be sent you by return post. Address: **The Sargol Company, 100-G Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.** Write your name and address plainly and PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.